Home Delivery

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Home Delivery

by itsybitsylemonsqueezy

Summary

“Ffffuck he’s hot,” Will drawled when he caught his first glimpse of Hannibal. He couldn’t remember if he’d intended to click male brides or not, but it hardly mattered when he saw Hannibal’s head shot.

A single and lonely Will Graham gets very drunk and orders a bride off the internet. That bride turns out to be the tall, dark, and handsome, Hannibal Lecter.

Chapter 1

"C-Can I help you?" Will stared at the tall, thinly dressed man at his door, carrying one rather large suitcase he noticed warily.

"Hello," the man smiled, "My name is Hannibal, I'm the mail order bride you bought."

Will's hand tightened on the doorframe, keeping him from falling over, "I… that was a joke," he mumbled, "I was drunk, *really* drunk, I thought I didn't even get through check out…" He flushed, "No, I didn't ask for you, please leave."

"I'm afraid you did," Hannibal set down his suit case and removed an invoice from a coat pocket, neatly folded, but otherwise crisp and clean, "It seems you did have to call to give your credit card number after several failed attempts entering the numbers…" Hannibal glanced at Will, then back at the paper, "But you did order me, drunk or no."

"Give me that," Will snatched it. Blearily the memories returned to him. At the time he'd thought it was outrageously funny to purchase the most attractive man he'd ever seen, and for mere thousands… His fingers left imprints on the page as he blushed hard, furiously embarrassed with his past self.

"That's my serial code, I can verify it if you require," Hannibal supplied helpfully.

"That won't be necessary," Will muttered icily, returning the page to him.

He took a deep breath, "Look, this was a stupid idea, I didn't mean it, can't… you just go back where you came from? I'll pay for your expenses, but I really don't… want a kept man." Will kept his eyes down, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly.

Hannibal's posture shifted, straightening and tightening. Only seeing his shoes, Will could still tell.

"There… is a returns policy, if necessary. It's completely normal for buyers to experience cold feet upon meeting their brides, so there is a 30 day grace period, but it is not advised you return me before those 30 days are up, just to ensure you wouldn't be truly satisfied with your purchase after all."

His tone was *surreal,* calm and polished even while he was referring to himself as a purchase, a product. It grated on Will's ears, he was a human being for christ's sake!

"I've told you, I *really* don't want you and…" Will looked up at exactly the wrong time and saw the hurt flash across his face as he said it. Oh fuck… He bit his tongue and tried to back up, "I mean… not that you're unappealing, it's just that-"

"Have I displeased you?" Hannibal asked, stepping a little nearer.

Will swallowed, "No, you're… exactly as advertised."

“Have I given you any cause to think that I could not or would not fulfill any task you put before me?” Hannibal murmured, still narrowing the gap between them.

Will hesitated, staring up at him, “I don’t… that’s not the point, I don’t-”

“Try me,” he whispered, “Give me those 30 days to impress you, then you can return me and I’ll go without protest. But I think you’ll find you’ll quite like having me around.” And he smiled, slow and curling and entirely too self-confident for Will’s liking.

He gulped, wondering when he had leaned back, when he had let Hannibal so nearly into his home. “What… what would they do to you if I sent you back?” he tried one last time.

Hannibal waited for Will to meet his eyes before answering, “I would be sold again, I would be labeled ‘uncooperative’, valued at a much lower price and given to a… less discerning and less reputable clientele. I don’t deny I have a selfish motive for wanting to stay here, Mr. Graham. You and your home are the sort of circumstances someone in my position could only dream of. Please accept me. I know I can make you happy, even if you doubt that.”

Will’s last reserve crumbled. Heaving a sigh, he stood away from the door, letting his… mail order bride enter, “Better come in then.”

Chapter 2

Hannibal smiled, oddly reassuring and dangerous at the same time, “Thank you.” He swept into the room, turning to take it all in, like a man surveying his soon-to-be conquest.

“It’s large and… empty,” he stopped, cocking his head at Will.

Will shrugged, “I hardly notice.”

“So you like space,” Hannibal observed, moving to the window, flicking open the blinds and peering out at the view, “and privacy. There’s nothing around for miles.”

“I don’t like…” Will halted and shook his head, wondering why he was justifying himself to this, this… stranger. “If you were looking for a socialite you’ve come to the wrong place,” he huffed, folding his arms.

Hannibal’s mouth spread in a stunning, wide smile, revealing all his gleaming teeth, “Not at all. I’m charmed by everything I find here.” Will looked away as he found Hannibal’s eyes lingering over him in particular.

His lips pursed, “You don’t… you can have your own opinions, you don’t need to… *fawn* over me, god. I don’t expect, or want, you to agree or approve of everything I do.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, studying him, “You seem to be laboring under the misapprehension that I am doing something for your benefit. I assure you, when I’m doing something for you, you will be aware of it,” Hannibal’s lidded eyes had the heat rising in his cheeks, frozen to the spot, “But thank you for informing me I *may* have opinions of my own, very gracious of you.”

Will’s mouth dropped open. Hannibal was… snide, condescending, *mocking* him for patronizing. He snapped his jaw shut, suddenly afraid he was *dead* wrong about everything a mail order bride was supposed to be.

Will swallowed and quickly changed the subject, recovering himself, “So what else do you observe about your new home?”

Hannibal inhaled deeply, “You have… six, seven… yes, *seven* dogs!” His eyes widened, staring at him.

“Y-Yes, yes!” Will seized on it, “Yes, seven dogs, all non-negotiable, so if you have allergies-”

“In your purchasing requirements, you ticked ‘pet friendly.’ I’m quite good with animals. I’m merely surprised by how many you have, but I’m sure we’ll get along,” Hannibal cocked his head knowingly.

“…oh,” Will sighed, “Maybe I’d better look at that order more carefully,” he mumbled.

“There is an electronic copy in your email, but you may peruse my copy in the meanwhile,” Hannibal withdrew the neatly folded sheet of paper again.

Will frowned, “I *may*?”

“Did you intend to order me?” Hannibal blinked, nonchalant and innocent as you please.

Will swallowed hard and ignored every response *that* question elicited. He snatched the paper but didn’t look at it, instead shoving it into his own pocket, “Thank you.”

Hannibal regarded him for a moment, eyes flicking toward the pocketed receipt, but he said nothing.

“Might I suggest a tour next?” Hannibal offered.

Will snorted, “Living room, kitchen, bedroom, bathroom,” he pointed lazily at each, “not much to see.”

“And,” Hannibal stepped up to him, “where do I sleep?”

Will held his ground, trying not to flush, but his face still felt hot, “I wasn’t exactly expecting company, but there’s a spare room I can make up for you.”

Hannibal’s face twitched, his eyes shifting tellingly to Will’s bed, “A spare room?”

“Yes.”

“Not *your* room,” the R of ‘your’ rolled around in his mouth forever not appearing to end.

Will faced up to him, “No.”

Hannibal spared him one last look, then bent his head to whisper in his ear, “You purchase a mail order bride only to let guilt interfere with your design. Tell me, Mr. Graham, what are we going to do about that?”

Will breathed hard, “I do not want a kept man,” he repeated, biting out the words.

Hannibal sighed, leaning back as Will’s skin memorized the feeling of his breath over it, “You need not fear that, Mr. Graham. Our relationship does not *require* a sexual component.”

His sneer, however, suggested requirements meant very little to Hannibal.

Chapter 3

“My room… is an overflowing storage unit purported to be a room,” Hannibal turned to look at him with a withering tone of voice.

Will smiled at him, “If you don’t like the accommodations you can leave *any* time.”

Hannibal started to snarl and Will’s eyes widened, surprised, and a little pleased, to finally break that cool exterior. Unfortunately, seeing Will’s triumph, Hannibal immediately schooled himself, “This shall do very well, thank you,” he dropped his bag on the only clear spot of floor he could find, “A little organization and I’ll have nearly enough room to cross my cell.”

Will’s eyes widened, mortified, “You’re not-!” He stopped, seeing the twinkle in Hannibal’s eye, and scowled. He really needed to quit letting him do that.

“I trust you have some moth-eaten sleeping bag for me to lie down in tonight?” Hannibal hummed, amused.

“Well that depends, you can take the dog hair couch *or* the moth-eaten sleeping bag, your choice,” Will smirked.

Hannibal’s lips quirked, trying not to smile. Will watched, his own lips betraying him, an unusual warmth spreading over his frame. No! No, he wanted rid of him, he shouldn’t be almost… flirting with him, this wasn’t right. You did not flirt with your mail order brides. Especially the ones you didn’t want. And you didn’t second guess yourself on that, ever.

Will stubbornly pursed his lips, shaking out his shoulders and folding his arms, hoping to retain a little standoffish chill. He absolutely *could not* acknowledge in any way that he was having a good time. That was death.

“Enchanting as your guest quarters are, it may take me longer than tonight to sufficiently clean it out before I can sleep in it. I’d better have the couch,” Hannibal replied.

“Suit yourself,” Will nodded, “The dogs love it in there, so I’d say it’s a good choice,” he smiled devilishly.

Hannibal returned a blithe smile without any hesitation, “Delightful.”

“Should I leave you to get settled in, then?” Will asked, moving out to the hallway.

“One moment please, I just need to ask…” Hannibal bent down and unsnapped his overstuffed suitcase, dozens of outfits burst out of it, strewing across the floor, lingerie, lace thongs, oh god *was that a maid’s uniform?!*

Hannibal held up two matching pairs of sheer bra and panties that had managed to stay on their hangers, “Where do I put these?”

Will struggled for words, any words at all, staring at the bits of cloth, hardly holding anything in. He couldn't be serious, he couldn't actually be serious about *wearing* any of those, oh god, oh no…

"In your closet perhaps…?" Hannibal reminded him he hadn't yet spoken.

Will snapped himself out of it, "There's a built-in closet here. Behind those boxes. All my things are folded in a dresser, no use to you." He gulped, staring at the ground, which was no help because a satin, purple thong managed to land on his shoe.

Hannibal beamed, "Ah, thank you, very kind." He stooped again to pluck the purple thong off Will's shoe and before he could say or do anything lascivious, Will walked out of the room down the hall and did not stop, thinking "He did that on purpose. He did that on fucking purpose," over and over again.

Hannibal arrived behind him much sooner than Will anticipated. "I thought we might get to know each other over a home cooked meal," he suggested, striding into the kitchen.

Will looked up, more relieved than he cared to say that Hannibal *had not* changed his attire, save taking his coat off. He watched Hannibal open his refrigerator curiously and belatedly explained, "I um… don't cook much. You don't have to either."

Hannibal stood back from the refrigerator, shutting it firmly, with an indignant expression on his face, "I would *like* to cook you dinner, but as you have absolutely nothing edible in your refrigerator, I have to go out for groceries first."

He huffed a sigh, swinging back out of the kitchen to retrieve his coat, "And if you review your invoice, you'll see cooking is listed as one of my… special talents," he flashed a daring smile at Will over his shoulder.

Will blinked and shook himself, "Excuse me, you're going out for groceries by yourself?"

"Unless you want to come with me," Hannibal offered, voice coming from his room.

"In what car?" Will folded his arms.

"The agency provided me with a rental through the end of the week," Hannibal returned, shrugging on his coat, nodding to the outside, "But my offer to go with you still stands…?"

Will groaned silently. In the wake of his drunken wet dream literally arriving on his doorstep, he'd forgotten the car that brought him here. He shook his head soundly, "No, no… I wouldn't want to look like your prison guard," Will hissed.

"Or willing lover," Hannibal countered, eyeing him critically, "But you reserve that choice. Any requests while I'm out?"

"For you to go and never come back?" Will asked breezily.

Hannibal's demeanor darkened for a moment. He stepped up close to Will and let Will shiver uncomfortably as he took his sweet time examining his face with long, slow looks, "If I

thought you meant that," he growled, low in Will's ear, "I would."

And he strode out the front door and was gone, leaving Will to puzzle over whether that was a threat or a promise.

Chapter 4

Will walked to the door after he heard the car roll away and whistled for his dogs, “Time to come in everybody!” Suddenly ears and tails popped up out of the underbrush, flying towards the door, barking and yipping, calling everyone together.

“That’s it, that’s it,” Will ushered everybody inside, smiling fondly, “We’ve got a guest today, I know that’s exciting, but honestly… you guys just do your thing. Let’s see how he handles this. 30 days, 7 dogs, and me, would send most people packing.” Will muttered, closing the door again.

He sighed and remembered the receipt he took from Hannibal. “Hmmm…” he withdrew it and settled on the couch next to Buster, “let’s see, what exactly did I buy?”

Unfolding it, he began reading the description of the ‘product’: “Name: Hannibal Lecter, Sex: Cis Male, Age: 48… no diseases, no allergies. He’s… a Lithuanian citizen. Huh. Speaks twelve languages fluently?” Will stared, “proficient cook, sexually flexible…” Will put down the paper, flushing. He wasn’t sure what ‘flexible’ meant in this context but he was decided on never asking ever.

Hannibal had said something about his ‘purchasing requirements’ however. Which could only mean that Will had, drunkenly, selected some preferences about the kind of mail order bride he wanted. Oh good.

“Ffffuck he’s hot,” he remembered drawling when he caught his first glimpse of Hannibal, scrolling through the pictures of the potential brides. He couldn’t remember if he’d intended to click male brides or not, but it hardly mattered when he saw Hannibal’s head shot: cheekbones that cut through the screen, eyes that owned the world. He’d immediately clicked on him and scrolled through the treasure trove of pictures, lingering on the shirtless shot, black and white, showing off his long, strong jawline, his broad, chiseled chest and shoulders, the hair trailing down to his waist.

Not really knowing what he was doing, he clicked ‘buy’ and could only remember thinking how cheap it was to buy heaven for… well, a year’s salary, but still! Small price to pay for paradise. Then he dimly remembered belligerently calling the people when ‘their stupid website wouldn’t take his money’ and passing out with the phone still in his hand. But, the transaction must have gone through because here was the invoice in his hot little hand proving it.

Will picked up the page again, steeling himself, and scanned between all the legal and financial information for the incriminating evidence. “Requirements selected by the purchaser,” it read, “strong personality a must, pet friendly, muscular, generous lover.” Will blushed hard. “Well, I certainly had my priorities together,” he muttered, chagrined.

He looked at the sheet again, but frowned at it. It didn’t say much more here, maybe there was more in that email. Will got up and opened his laptop, checking his inbox for that email Hannibal promised him would be here. In particular he was looking for their returns policy.

Indeed, the site did recommend 30 days trial, but this was the interesting bit: after 30 days until one year, he could still return Hannibal for an added fee. But after one anniversary, to the hour, the marriage could no longer be annulled and they would have to enter standard divorce proceedings to be separated. And Hannibal could not be returned to his agency, but thrown out into the world as an independent person. Good to know.

Rusty started whining.

“Right, right, time for dinner, c’mon,” Will got up, closing his laptop, “No reason you guys should wait with me,” he muttered, filling all the dog bowls.

Sometime after that, Hannibal finally returned with a large paper bag, “I hope you’ve worked up an appetite,” he grinned, setting his bag proprietorially on the counter, taking off his coat, absolutely singing with confidence.

Will raised an eyebrow, standing at the other end of the kitchen, unimpressed, “That depends on what we’re having.”

“Rib eye,” Hannibal smiled, withdrawing the wrapped steaks, “with potato and leek hash and artichokes. I trust you don’t object vociferously?” He glanced at Will coyly over his shoulder.

Will cocked his head, considering, “I guess I’ll reserve judgment for the cooking,” he smirked.

Hannibal turned to look at him squarely, “Famous last words, Mr. Graham.”

“Apparently,” Will agreed, “Proficient cook I believe your profile said.”

“And I told you the same,” Hannibal nodded, pulling all the necessary pots and pans out of the cupboards without seeming to have to search, “was my word not good enough?”

“No, no,” Will shook his head, “just doing homework on what drunk me thought was a good idea.”

Hannibal chuckled, filling a large pot with water for the artichokes. Will peered curiously into his bag, finding a variety of ingredients Hannibal hadn’t named. He pulled out one long, gnarled root, “Hannibal, what’s this?”

Hannibal looked up, “Horseradish, for horseradish sauce for the steak.”

Will’s eyes widened, “It’s fresh. Isn’t that a little strong for horseradish?”

“We’ll use very little of it,” Hannibal winked.

“I… don’t have a food processor,” Will felt obliged to explain.

“Then I’ll teach you how to mince,” Hannibal shrugged, smiling brightly. Will felt like every time Hannibal opened his mouth he was talking to a different person. And yet, somehow, it was always someone he wanted to get to know.

Will was tempted to point out he had never agreed to helping Hannibal cook dinner, but as he watched Hannibal spin around the kitchen, it was clear this was Hannibal's element. Whatever else Hannibal is or was, he couldn't hide this, his passion, his precision, he couldn't stop smiling, setting the artichokes out to boil, unwrapping the steaks to season them, setting to cleaning and slicing the fingerling potatoes. Refusing to help would be petty. Helping would get him closer to what made Hannibal so… unexpected.

Will rolled up his sleeves, "Alright, what can I do?"

"Have you ever cooked leeks before?" Hannibal asked, not missing a step.

Will shook his head. Hannibal brought out a cutting board for him and quickly sharpened a carving knife, "I want you to discard the roots, we won't need those, then slice these, thinly, until you reach the green of the leaves," he drew a line across the white stalk where it started to color.

Will nodded as Hannibal looked at him for confirmation. Hannibal beamed, "It will be good practice for your mincing lesson," he said before turning back to slicing the potatoes.

Will did as he said and the kitchen began to smell like it was being used as a kitchen, for once. Will blinked, surprised by how fulfilling this simple task was.

"Beautiful," Hannibal commented. Will jumped, not realizing Hannibal was leaning over him.

"It's what you wanted, right?" Will asked, glancing at him. Hannibal just looked at him and didn't respond. Will looked away, deciding Hannibal definitely didn't need to respond.

Hannibal took the cutting board from him when he was finished, tossing them in with the potatoes, "There, perfect."

Will turned and his eyes bulged, seeing his tired, old dining table dressed up with proper table settings, with plates he wasn't sure he even recognized and matching silverware and everything. He shook himself, when the hell did Hannibal have time to do that?

The dogs started to bark and scratch at the door. "Oh, let me get that," Will started to move.

"No, let me," Hannibal insisted, moving faster. The dogs bounced excitedly, barking and thumping their tails at the new person.

Hannibal opened the door, "Go on, outside!" The herd swarmed around him and howled into the night and Hannibal withstood it all beautifully, smiling after them.

Will nodded, impressed, "Well done, bravo for taking initiative. Do you expect a gold star?" he waggled his eyebrows.

Hannibal cocked his head, walking back, "I wouldn't say no to a reward."

Will rolled his eyes, "Tough, living with dogs is its own reward."

Hannibal smiled, washing his hands vigorously, “I look forward to learning that.”

Will groaned, shaking his head. 30 days, 30 days… would it really be so bad? He quickly filed that question away to be asked again never.

“Before we put the steaks on,” Hannibal started, drying his hands, “I have to give you that mincing lesson.” His lips curled, approaching Will slowly. Will gulped, not trusting how smug Hannibal looked. He cleared one of the cutting boards and set the horseradish root on it. “Come here, please,” Hannibal instructed, hands firmly on the root and the knife to chop it.

Will stepped forward hesitantly, wary of Hannibal putting his arms around him and oh, yes, this was the part where they did that. Great.

“As you correctly deduced,” Hannibal murmured in his ear, “we only need a little bit, about… that much.” So saying, he swiftly chopped less than an inch off the tip of the root and rolled the rest off to one side.

“Mincing is less about precision than speed. The goal is to maximize your force distribution, it requires careful knife handling,” Hannibal paused, “Do you feel up to it, Mr. Graham?”

Will gritted his teeth, swallowing the urge to explain to Hannibal he was an amateur fisherman who could gut, scale, and fillet a fish in seconds, but *oh* so much better to let Hannibal find that out for himself. “I think I can muster the challenge,” he muttered, smiling thinly.

“Excellent.” In Will’s opinion, Hannibal sounded far too pleased with his response.

Hannibal relinquished the knife, turning it over to his grip. “Now there are a few tricks to it, as with any knife skill,” he continued Will’s edification, “You might feel inclined to put pressure on the flat of the blade, but to mince properly with the correct force distribution, you want to use the tip of the knife without…”

Hannibal trailed off. Will had had enough of Hannibal’s monologuing and just took it upon himself to slice, chop, and slice again until the horseradish was fine enough to sieve.

Will set down the knife on the cutting board and turned in Hannibal’s arms, wanting a good look at his face when he was stunned speechless, “I’m sorry, I’ve never done this before, I guess I didn’t know what I was doing.”

Hannibal swallowed, audibly, pupils dilated, “Yes, I can see that,” his voice rumbled, abnormally low. Will chewed the inside of his cheek to keep from smirking.

Reluctantly, Hannibal dropped his arms and let Will move away from him. Will watched him gather himself together and continue making the sauce. He stayed quiet for 3 whole minutes; Will counted, since he hadn’t shut up since he got here.

“I think we’re almost done,” he said at last as he put the steaks on.

Will nodded, “Seems like it. A good thing too, I’m famished. That mincing, phew, hard work,” he couldn’t resist teasing.

Hannibal’s eyes tightened, but his good grace prevented him from saying anything.

“Please, sit down, I’ll serve,” Hannibal offered, noticing Will still standing.

Will raised his eyebrows, “You don’t need anything else?”

Hannibal shook his head, then smirked, “Not to do with the cooking, no.”

Will shook his head; it was cheap, but then he had left it wide open. He sat down at the furthest end of the table, observing Hannibal finishing up.

“Rib eye with simple potato hash and steamed artichoke, bon appetit,” Hannibal plated beautifully, setting down Will’s plate and bowl of artichoke, then his own.

Will took up his knife and fork, eager to taste how good Hannibal’s cooking truly was. The rib eye was seared to a perfect medium rare, deliciously pink inside. Will took a bite.

“The meat’s delicious,” Will nodded, swallowing, “so tender, where did you get it?”

“I stopped at a butchery before buying the produce,” Hannibal explained, cutting his own steak delicately, “I’m glad you approve.”

“Mmm, they might be worth revisiting,” Will nodded, enjoying the meal.

“So… why did you order me?” Hannibal asked after several moments of quiet eating.

“Don’t,” Will answered, clipped, looking down at his plate.

“Why not?” Hannibal pressed, reaching for his artichoke, peeling a leaf, “Can’t I ask how I came to be here?”

“You know how, you were up for sale and someone bought you, end of story,” Will snapped, drinking deeply from his wine glass.

Hannibal pursed his lips, considering his artichoke, “But that doesn’t tell me anything about who bought me, or why.”

“And the person who bought you doesn’t have to tell you anything,” Will stared him down, “At all.”

Hannibal broke first, peeling the next leaf of his artichoke, “Or, we could socialize like adults. God forbid we become friendly.”

Will snorted, carving into his steak with more force than was necessary, “I don’t find you that interesting,” he muttered.

“You will,” Hannibal responded with the unhurried air of someone who had too many secrets.

Will paused and looked up at him carefully, cocking his head, “On your profile, it says you speak a dozen languages.”

“A dozen more if you count variations and dialects,” Hannibal clarified.

“That strikes me as a marketable skill. So how does someone with your background end up a mail order bride?” Will reached for his own artichoke, savoring the first leaf.

Hannibal drew himself up, sizing Will up carefully, “Is this to be a sort of… tit for tat? Information given for information gained?”

“You tell me, how badly do you want to know why I bought you?” Will took another leaf, meeting Hannibal’s eyes, steady and calm.

Hannibal smiled slowly. “Debt,” he explained simply, “I gambled, wildly, with the wrong crowd and lost everything. I am… marketable in many ways. This was their trade and this was what I could sell. Why did you buy?”

Will chewed a bite of potato hash thoughtfully before replying. “I *was* drunk, that much is true,” Will leaned back, “And… I was lonely. And you were very, very beautiful.” Will swallowed hard, drowning himself in his ice water and not looking at Hannibal once.

“Thank you, Mr. Graham,” Hannibal murmured after Will finally set down his drink, facing into his plate again. Will didn’t respond, not inclined to say anything else for the rest of the night, if possible.

“Even though I was sold as a matter of paying my debt,” Hannibal continued carefully, “I was given a choice.”

Will flicked his eyes up momentarily, letting Hannibal know he was listening.

“I chose you,” Hannibal looked at him.

Will shook his head, “Chose me how? You just had a bank account and an address.”

“And it’s surprisingly easy to find someone with that information,” Hannibal smiled gently, “I had seen your face too, before I came to your door. You… are already more than I expected. Than I hoped.”

Will swallowed hard, trying not to look at Hannibal, not entirely succeeding. “Pass the horseradish sauce,” he muttered eventually.

Chapter 5

Will startled, feeling pressure on his bed. Eyes flying open he turned over to find Hannibal completely undressed leaning over him. Well… not completely, he was wearing a comparatively normal black thong, Will was relieved to know. NOT that he should be looking in that direction at all, it's just when a mostly nude man leans over you, you tend to wonder-

"Your dogs took over the couch," Hannibal explained, as if he couldn't be more pleased with losing his bed, "May I lay down with you?"

Will glanced under his arm and found, regrettably, that Hannibal wasn't lying. Winston, Rusty, and Sheila were occupying the couch. Will looked back up at Hannibal, who continued to patiently hover over him, one arm stretched over Will, propping him up.

He sighed, "I'll go get the sleeping bag," moving to get out of bed, but prevented by Hannibal's legs in the way.

"I can't possibly sleep without proper back support," Hannibal interjected, looking at him pitifully.

"And you didn't think to tell me this until now?" Will glared.

"No," Hannibal smiled.

Will's hands clenched into fists. Even if he came up with a solution or called his bluff, Hannibal would still find a way into his bed, he knew it. Too tired and frustrated to outwit him, he gave up, "Fine, get in."

Hannibal beamed, deliberately leaning himself over Will, instead of walking around the bed like a normal person, sliding under the covers, and curling up behind him. Will shifted onto his side, shrugging away from Hannibal. Not that it helped. Hannibal threw one long arm over him and pulled him close, letting Will feel the muscles of his thighs, the soft flutter of his stomach with every breath.

Will snorted and sulked into his pillow.

"You could ask me to stop," Hannibal murmured, running the back of his fingers lightly over Will's arm.

"If I did, would it do anything?"

Hannibal hissed into his ear, "Ask me and find out."

Will wriggled, uncomfortable, frustrated, but said nothing. He had the terrible suspicion that Hannibal would do any damn thing he asked. And frankly, he did not want to deal with having to admit he liked being spooned after asking Hannibal to stay away. Saying nothing,

on the other hand, was really just guilt by omission, but he could pretend Hannibal hadn't figured that out yet.

Hannibal pressing his face up against his neck, however, was beginning to become a problem. Hannibal ran his nose over the back of his neck, inhaling deeply, tickling the short, sensitive hair follicles. He squeezed at Will, gently, but enough that Will felt him pressing closer, grasping more of him. Then his lips. Just a faint brush over his skin as Hannibal breathed him in, then slowly parting his lips, trailing feathery kisses over his skin, behind his ear, down to his shoulder. Hannibal just kept kissing him, light as silk, no more than a whisper.

Will swallowed. "C-Could you stop?" he whispered.

"Stop what?" Hannibal's lips didn't lift from his skin, his words more felt than heard, "Be specific."

"S-sStop kissing me," Will did not moan. He would not moan. Though he may have been panting. A little.

Hannibal sighed, mouth open, a warm swell of air covering his skin and leaving him shivering. Will turned, thinking to confront him, but Hannibal predicted him and swung over on top of him, hovering there, not touching. Will blinked up at him, feeling dizzy, knowing Hannibal could see his chest rising and falling rapidly, knowing Hannibal was aware of the bulge in his underwear, but feeling no shame.

"You have to stop," he murmured, but could not find it in him to protest when Hannibal lowered himself and continued kissing and nuzzling his neck, Hannibal's hands finding his and tenderly pulling his wrists up, holding them. Will didn't protest for a second.

"Say please," Hannibal said, sliding down his body, barely touching him, fingers reverently brushing over his undershirt.

"S-Stop," Will whined, but did not say please.

Hannibal slid all the way down to between his legs… and stopped. He did absolutely nothing. Will gulped, shaking himself out of it enough to frown at him quizzically.

Hannibal sat back, revealing his own matching erection, stretching the thong ludicrously. He dragged his fingers down Will's chest, letting them catch and bunch at the fabric. He sighed, "I am not an incubus, Mr. Graham. I am not here to corrupt or convert you. I just want to please you."

He leaned forward to touch Will again. "No," Will stopped him, licking his lips, taking in Hannibal's entire body, eyes black and lidded.

Hannibal halted, waiting. Will's eyes zeroed in on Hannibal's erection, licking his lips thickly, "Touch yourself," he ordered, looking back up at Hannibal.

Obediently, Hannibal sat back and covered his erection with one large hand, squeezing it through the thong. A gurgling, strangled sort of moan came out of his throat. His head fell back, eyes almost closed as he squeezed and teased and then shoved his hand under the fabric, stroking in earnest.

Will watched him hungrily, watched his strong, dexterous fingers work his shaft, pull at the foreskin, work and squeeze around his arousal. He sat up a little, mesmerized. He could feel his mouth was open, drooling, but he didn't care.

Hannibal felt him shift and looked up, a high-pitched, reedy whine of need coming out of his mouth this time. He spread his legs obscenely, displaying himself for him, muscles shivering with tension, sweat breaking out down his body, "M-Mr. Gra-"

"Will," Will growled, eyes locked on Hannibal's cock, the wet spot forming in his thong, stretched over his hand and erection lewdly. Will sat up fully, feeling seconds away himself.

"Will," Hannibal moaned, noticing his erection and reaching for it.

"No!" Will snapped and Hannibal immediately retreated, focusing on himself again. Now Hannibal was really coming undone, every breath ragged and panting, mouth open, lips flushed. Will leaned over him, intent on his face, the scent of sex filling the room and he *loved* it.

Hannibal looked up at him and his pace started to falter, his slick hand slipping too fast. Will bent his head and kissed him, just on the edge of his lips, and Hannibal came in thick spurts, making a soaking mess of his thong. "Ah!" Hannibal tried not to scream with Will right in front of his mouth, his body shuddering his release.

Will was shaking, feeling more desperate to come than he had in fucking years. Hannibal looked amazing, he smelled amazing, he *was* amazing. Something like a growl rolled up his throat and Will noticed the sweat standing out on his neck. Losing himself in the moment, he took one long lick, leaving a wide, wet stripe against his skin. He caught Hannibal's eyes, dazed and blown-wide with pleasure, and suddenly remembered himself. Swallowing tightly, he got up awkwardly and walked to the bathroom, furiously jerking off over the toilet. His legs gave out from under him before he could finish, shaken into rubber, limp, shivering. He came messily over the floor, jerking helplessly, aware of the light from the bathroom spilling out into the hallway, aware Hannibal was watching him.

Still shaking so hard he could barely control his movements, he cleaned up and attempted to stand. His body felt like super-heated plastic, solid only in the loosest sense of the word. He stumbled and dragged himself back to bed where he found Hannibal, hips modestly covered, staring up at him with an open, vulnerable ache that Will thought looked dangerously close to heartbreak.

Will swallowed, tried to speak, then just took his pillow and retreated to the couch.

"Mr. Graham!" Hannibal called out desperately.

“Will,” Will corrected, “You can call me Will now.” Will shooed the dogs off the couch, shoved his pillow into a corner, and flopped down to sleep. Hannibal didn’t say anything else and, to Will’s relief, stayed in his bed. Sex still hung heavy in the air as Will closed his eyes. God, he had no idea how much he loved that smell.

Chapter 6

Will stirred on the couch. Something smelled wonderful, someone was cooking…

He opened his eyes reluctantly and tried to roll over, unsurprised to find his whole body complaining, full of knots from sleeping on the lumpy, stiff couch. Will stared out at his living room, making no motion to get up, unwillingly recalling the events of last night. There were *worse* ways to have sex with someone for the first time, but not many.

“Ah, bonjour, Will.”

Will blinked and rolled over his shoulder to find Hannibal surveying him with a polite smile. Will gulped, noting Hannibal was still shirtless, but looked past him to the kitchen, where a pan was sizzling, a bowl of fresh cut strawberries was sitting out, and a host of fresh fruit had taken over his counter.

“This is still my house, isn’t it?” he grumbled, sitting up.

Hannibal grinned and whistled, all of Will’s dogs appearing from down the hall, thundering into the living room. Will’s eyes widened, “Well, that clears that up.” Everyone came and greeted him, extremely excited and eager today.

“They’ve been fed and had their morning walk,” Hannibal explained, walking back to the kitchen to check on his pan.

Will patted and scratched the dogs before standing carefully, stretching, and hearing every joint pop; his back felt like hell. He turned, frowning again at all the fruit, the fresh bread, and Hannibal cooking away at the stove. He shuffled towards the kitchen, “How long have you been awake?”

Hannibal shrugged, not looking up from the French toast he was frying, now Will was close enough to see, “A few hours. I wanted to have breakfast ready for you when you woke up,” he smiled to himself.

“I’m… very grateful,” Will muttered, sliding into the closest chair, “looks delicious.”

“Thank you,” Hannibal’s smile could even be heard, tired as Will was.

Will rubbed his eyes, almost melting onto the table, “How did you get my dogs to come? Not just anyone can do that.” He squinted at the chef blearily.

“I told you, I’m good with animals,” Hannibal smirked over his shoulder, “and it’s amazing what food incentives will do.” He tossed a treat he’d left out at the herd.

Will raised his eyebrows, “Crafty.”

He yawned loudly, then leaned over onto his elbow, sleep-rumpled hair falling forward, cocking his head to watch Hannibal. He really was… ridiculously beautiful. The long, lean lines of his back, his powerful shoulders dominating the stove, the odd freckle across the perfect muscles.

Will found himself lingering on the shallow dip of his spine, just above the waistline, where his pants rode up. That spot was fascinating to watch as Hannibal swayed and swept around the stove, the curve of his spine dancing for Will. His lips started to part, smiling to himself, *god* he was beautiful, so beautiful…

Hannibal turned suddenly and Will realized belatedly that the cooking dance was over and Hannibal was carrying the plates.

"Stuffed French toast with lemon mascarpone mousse, strawberries, and lemon icing," Hannibal set one loaded, decadent plate in front of Will and the other next to him around the corner of the table.

With difficulty, Will raised his eyes to smile at Hannibal in gratitude and hoped he hadn't noticed him ogling his body. His eyes dropped heavily to the dish, his head still reluctant to be held up by his neck.

"I didn't even have lemons…" Will mumbled, trying to piece together how Hannibal had managed to do all of this while he slept, as he picked up his utensils, "You bought… all of this fresh."

"Don't worry about it," Hannibal murmured, sliding a tall glass of milk over to him.

Will frowned, "No… no," he shook his head, "I'll reimburse you, s'not fair you have to pay for feeding me. I'll take care of it. S'my job." Not entirely aware of what he was saying, he let his fork sink into the sweet, spongey flesh of the bread, cream oozing out between the layers. He scooped up the extra mousse and spooned it into his mouth. The mousse was so light and fluffy, the perfect complement to the thick, filling bread.

Hannibal sighed as Will's eyes closed. "If you feel that is truly necessary…"

Will opened his eyes again and nodded firmly, "Yes. You're… you don't have any income; you shouldn't be spending what money you have on me." He took another bite, slicing through a strawberry.

Hannibal seemed to consider that, slowly nodding and cutting into his own breakfast, "I'll stop the spending. But, these were necessary expenses, you hardly had any food," he teased.

Will rolled his eyes and reached of the milk. "Mmm… what is this?" Will frowned at it, setting it down quickly.

"Whole milk."

Will stared.

“It’s better to cook with,” Hannibal shrugged, putting a whole strawberry in his mouth and licking the juice off his thumb.

Will’s eyes darted to the large pad of Hannibal’s thumb, watched his tongue clean it, not managing to look away until it was done. He swallowed, “I’ll just have black coffee, thanks,” he muttered, looking down at his plate.

Hannibal rose obediently, taking the glass of milk, “I’m sorry, I’ll remember that in future.”

Will blushed down to the tips of his ears but didn’t respond. Did Hannibal *have* to be so fucking obliging and considerate?

He returned with Will’s mug of straight black coffee and sat down. “Thanks,” Will managed to mutter. The least Hannibal deserved was manners.

“May I ask what your intentions are for today?” Hannibal asked after a few bites of breakfast.

“Cleaning out your room,” Will muttered, chewing on the sweet-soaked bread with relish.

“No need, I’ve already organized.”

Will blinked up at him, “You fed and walked my dogs, you bought and prepared breakfast, and you organized that room all in 3 hours?”

“Your dogs mainly walked themselves while I went out for groceries,” Hannibal cocked his head, “is that all so unlikely?”

Will allowed himself a quick stare before turning back to his plate and shaking his head, “Not at all.” He unconsciously licked icing from his lips, “In that case, the first thing we’re doing is getting you a bed.”

Hannibal’s silverware clinked and Will looked up, noticing his posture tightening. Something sad and injured flitted across his face, disappearing behind a thick mask.

Hannibal looked down, considering his plate, “You seem intent on distancing yourself from someone intended to be your most intimate companion.”

Will sat back, frowning, “Well, look, we’re not… it’s not like that. We’re not… this isn’t a real marriage.” Will sighed in exasperation, someone had to say it, “I’m sorry, it isn’t, it was a bad… drunken… stupid decision.” He stabbed a strawberry, chewed it, but couldn’t taste it. He swallowed bitterly.

A soft snort, somewhere between derision and pity, came from Hannibal. “A real marriage…” his long fingers drummed on the counter.

Will paused and sucked on his lower lip, watching Hannibal. He almost regretted saying it, but it was true …wasn’t it?

His fingers suddenly stopped and he straightened up, looking squarely at Will, “You said you were lonely. You decided you wanted companionship. You decided you wanted me. Now you

have me. Guilt is a funny thing to feel when one gets what one wants."

Hannibal's gaze, though direct, inescapable, was not hard. The very softness of it made Will's stomach turn over.

"It's not that simple," Will poked unhappily at his breakfast.

"Why isn't it?"

"Because it- ah!" Will winced as he leaned back too quickly, finding the spot he'd pulled in his ribs last night.

Hannibal stood up immediately and walked over, "Will? What is it?"

"It's nothing," Will groaned, rolling his shoulder and rubbing the complaining spot under his arm, "It's just a good thing you didn't sleep on the couch after all."

"Mmm…" Hannibal frowned, coming up behind him. He laid his hands on him gently and began expertly massaging at the pinch in his side, "Is that where the pain is?"

Will hissed, nodding.

"Yes, I can feel the strain…" Hannibal muttered and continued his massage, working to ease pressure off the inflamed muscle. "A good thing I'm getting a bed of my own then and avoiding this suffering," he smiled briefly.

Will sighed, relieved he wasn't going to push him anymore right now. Hannibal's hands felt so good on him, one on his shoulder holding him steady, the other continuing to rub and squeeze. It hurt a little, but Hannibal had clearly done this before. Will swallowed, "You… really don't have to do this."

"You sacrificed your bed for me," Hannibal returned, well knowing that wasn't at all what happened, "this is the least I can do to repay you." His fingers never hesitated, rubbing across his ribs so soothingly the pain soon vanished.

Will swallowed hard, but before he could interject, Hannibal continued, "Besides, I am here to take care of you. Especially as you don't take care of yourself." A smile whispered through his words and Will made himself relax, let the guilt go, for now.

Hannibal's hands shifted, moving over the back of the chair, working up his back, kneading into spaces he'd forgotten existed. Will felt his eyelids drooping, his neck going slack, letting his held loll. This felt so good.

His eyes fluttered open, seeing a flash of skin, and he abruptly remembered that there were only wooden slats between him and Hannibal's bare chest. Cued, his mind helpfully imagined those strong, naked arms wrapping around him, pressing him against his chest, spooning him up like he did last night. His mind *helpfully* reminded him that, regardless of anything that happened after, just the feeling of being held had been… so…

Will gulped, trying to rise out of the chair, "I- I think that's enough."

Hannibal pushed him back down gently, his hands stilling, “Stay, finish your breakfast.” His hands, warm, long-fingered, practiced, smoothed out his shirt across his shoulders, around the collar, and down his back, giving one last wistful stroke before completely departing.

Will scooted up tight to the table and hunched over his plate, gobbling it. If he didn’t look at Hannibal, he could pretend Hannibal hadn’t picked up on the uncomfortable way he was crossing his legs.

Chapter 7

Will swiped the back of his hand across his forehead and consulted the instructions. “Okay, we’ve done that... we’ve done that, done that... done- aha! Oh, yes, I hate how they do this,” Will muttered, setting the instructions aside and picking up the dinky wrench the kit provided him with.

“C’mon, you stupid Swedish piece of shit, *tighten* damn it,” Will growled at the obnoxiously obstinate screw holding the bed frame together. He hated cheap manufacturing, he hated these damn kits, but... he did derive immense pleasure from building something and seeing it work right. Which is why he told Hannibal to leave him alone and let him work, frustrating as this whole stupid process was. That and a mixed sense of obligation since Hannibal was now his... well, his responsibility anyway.

Eventually the screw finally tightened down, flush to the wood, and he had a standing bed frame with four corners and everything. Will stood up with a satisfied groan and stretched, proud to have the first part done. He turned and nearly fell on top it, finding Hannibal watching over him from the doorway.

“Will!” Hannibal reached out to catch him before he toppled over, but Will caught himself on the headboard and stayed standing, though shaken.

“Jesus fucking christ, Hannibal,” Will gasped, carefully letting go of the headboard and standing up straight again, “Say something next time!”

“I’m sorry,” Hannibal implored, looking truly repentant as he stepped further into the room, “I was distracted watching you work. You enjoy this, don’t you?”

Hannibal blinked at him curiously. Will swallowed, flustered by Hannibal watching him, but the question was innocent enough, “I used to fix boat motors in Louisiana. It’s... a hobby, fixing stuff, building stuff. I’m... good with my hands,” he muttered into his shirt, thinking better of saying it only after he’d already started.

Hannibal’s lips curved in a smirk that was quickly becoming familiar. “So am I, in my own way,” he purred, “That’s why I made you lunch.” Will looked up as Hannibal beckoned him out of the room, He, indeed, found lunch on the kitchen table, a thick, handsome sandwich with a tall ice water. His stomach gurgled at the sight.

Will blushed, sure Hannibal heard that, “There uh... isn’t a place laid out for you,” he observed.

“I ate while you were working,” Hannibal admitted, “I didn’t want to disturb you earlier, but you sounded like you needed a break.”

“Oh, um... thank you,” Will mumbled, folding into his chair, wishing he had some better way to express his gratitude. Honestly, Hannibal had no reason to take such good care of him, and yet, it was like he catered to his every whim! And Will hadn’t even asked for any of this! Will

gulped down some ice water against the mounting guilt. Hannibal was just too good for words.

He picked up the sandwich and took a bite, instantly transported by the rich, juicy layers, the succulent meat, the perfect seasoning between the choices of hard sausage, cheese, and... tapenade?

Will swallowed and cocked his head curiously at Hannibal, sitting primly across from him, “Did you make me a muffaletta?”

Hannibal’s mouth twitched and his eyes crinkled, pleased. But he was trying to hide it, looking away, trying not to smile, was he... was he blushing? Will swallowed again, though there was nothing in his mouth, reaching for the ice water.

Hannibal nodded after clearing his throat, “Not a true muffaletta, I found none of the local bakeries stocked acceptable Italian loafs, so I substituted ciabatta. I hope you don’t find it too chewy as a result.”

Will shook his head vigorously, “Are you kidding? You made me a muffaletta with, what I suspect is, fresh tapenade.”

Hannibal shrugged, avoiding his eyes again, yes, definitely blushing! “Tapenade has many uses, it wasn’t just for this sandwich,” his lips pursed, but his eyes were warm, even if he wouldn’t look at Will.

Will sat back. He wanted to throw his head back and laugh. Hannibal was so obsessed with perfection, he personally chopped and blended his own olives just to make a goddamn sandwich that he wasn’t even eating. Will rubbed his face. Well, he was not having that.

Will stood and grabbed a knife from the knife block, walking back to his plate.

Hannibal frowned, “What are you doing?”

“You made this fresh and you’re not even having any,” Will chopped off a corner of his sandwich, “I insist you have some.”

Hannibal balked, flustered, before finally taking the outstretched morsel in Will’s hand. He looked like he wanted to say something, but instead he just devoured the corner silently, even going so far as to lick his lips.

Will let his lips curl, watching him, he might have even looked smug, he didn’t care. “It’s good, huh?” He took another bite, chewing slowly, watching Hannibal intently.

Hannibal dragged his eyes over him in return, lips to lidded eyes to sandwich. He cocked his head, “It is what I expected. But does it meet your expectations?”

Will let his eyebrows raise. He looked down at the artistically crafted sandwich and set it down with respect. He licked his lips, considering what he wanted to say, “Last night you said I was… more than you had expected.”

Hannibal nodded, somber.

“Whatever expectations I mistakenly had about what a muffaletta, or mail order bride, should have been? You’ve smashed every one of them. There are no expectations for you, Hannibal.”

Hannibal’s lips parted in surprise. He looked away quickly. Will’s hands tightened on the edge of the table, this was just too much.

“I… thank you,” Hannibal stumbled, not looking at him. A little chirp in the back of his mind reminded him about the bed he was currently putting together for Hannibal, and why, but Will pushed it aside. He didn’t need protestations, not now. Not letting himself reconsider, he stood, sweeping around the table to Hannibal’s side, then pushing his chair back.

Hannibal started, but did not resist, staring up at him in confusion, “Will? What are you-?” Gripping the back of the chair, Will slid onto Hannibal’s lap, watching Hannibal’s eyes widen in shock. He sighed, settling on Hannibal’s thighs, up close to his belt, hooking his feet around the legs of the chair, letting Hannibal feel his legs tense and give. “I’m getting comfortable,” he murmured, letting go of the chair with one hand and running a finger down the line of his neck.

Hannibal trembled under his touch, he heard him swallow, even as his eyes devoured the bob of his throat. But, Hannibal held still, hands politely at his sides, letting Will do what he wanted, “Why are you-?”

Will stopped his lips with a finger, feeling the heat build between them, “I want to say thank you,” he said, “and I want you to know I mean it.”

Will kept his finger on Hannibal’s flush, full, pouty lips, lips that ought to have been irresistible, but he restrained himself, trailing his other hand down Hannibal’s shirt to his belt. He watched Hannibal’s eyes dilate, heard the sharp intake of breath, felt his shoulders roll back in anticipation. Will brushed his fingers over Hannibal’s distended zipper, teasing, keeping his eyes on the sudden darkness of Hannibal’s, how they fluttered with his touch, even this, just this…

Will outlined the bulge, drawing his fingers over the edges, feeling Hannibal squirm under him, start to shift and respond. He grinned, showing teeth, and Hannibal’s eyes flashed, *delighted*, actually delighted with Will’s selfish, greedy pleasure. Will felt intoxicated.

He cupped him fully, pressing his palm up against his balls, absorbing the scorching heat into his skin, oh *god* this was so good… Hannibal’s eyes rolled back, nearly closing, but he refused to break eye contact with Will. He breathed deeply and nodded slowly, begging silently. Will dragged his thumb over the tip, caught the zipper, let it jangle, then sat back, getting up. He grabbed Hannibal’s hand before he could get the wrong idea, “Come on,” he growled, sounding hoarser than he expected.

He led Hannibal to his bed, perfectly made, Will just had time to observe, folded and tucked like a magazine with no trace of the disorder of the night before. No better time to mess it up

again then. He pushed Hannibal back onto the covers, flat against his back, and climbed on top of him.

Sparing no further time, Will unbuckled him and unzipped, completely focused on his task, obsessed with the heat, the smell, the feel of Hannibal's arousal. Hannibal whimpered, gulping, "Wh-what're you doing?" he finally gasped.

"Something nice," Will muttered, peeling back his pants and slipping his cock free of the lace thong today, ohhh that would explain the sensitivity. Will panted, gulping deep breaths as his lips parted unconsciously, drool making them glisten. He felt a growl at the back of his throat, but desperately tamped it down; he didn't want to get *too* greedy and lose himself here. He squeezed the base of Hannibal's thick cock, wonderfully, deliciously thick, holding it in place while he started stroking.

Hannibal's chest rose and fell rapidly against the stimulation, his hands clawed at the sheets to ground himself; Will knew the bed was a good choice. Will couldn't resist any longer, he lowered his head to finally put his mouth on that gorgeous cock he'd adored watching Hannibal stroke to climax last night. Hannibal, however, jerked and scrabbled at Will's shoulders, "I thought- I thought you didn't," he panted.

Will looked up at him slowly, settling more fully between his legs and licking his lips, "Did I say I didn't want this?"

Hannibal caught his eyes, hot as liquid diamonds, and froze. He parted his lips, tracing them gently with his tongue too, "You… seemed to have misgivings," he managed, voice strained, his cock still throbbing merrily in Will's hand.

Will let his eyes lid, let the growl come through, "None at the moment," he squeezed Hannibal's shaft demonstratively, shivering as Hannibal moaned. Will lowered his eyes with his head this time, intent on finally tasting him. Hannibal shuddered in anticipation, but his name was ripped, unbidden, from his lips before Will had even touched him, "W-Will…?"

Will sighed, a thread of spit dangling over the head of his blushing cock. He didn't look up as he muttered, "Are you going to let me do this or not?"

Hannibal paused, breathing deeply. He looked at Will, hovering over his cock, Will could feel him looking, heavy and hot. Shyly, Hannibal brushed a finger down his jaw, then dropped his hands, "I want this," he murmured.

"Good," Will huffed, then laid the flat of his tongue against the head of Hannibal's cock and licked, broad and firm, just like it was an ice cream cone. Will swallowed and sighed, at last… He licked and licked again, molding his tongue over it, enjoying the hot press into him. His lips closed around the head and he sucked, squeezing his base, holding him there, tight and concentrated, making him suffer the tension.

Hannibal's fingers wreaked havoc on the sheets, curling, knotting into them, pulling at them helplessly, untucking every corner. He shook as Will held him in his mouth, just the tip, his lips tickling his glans. He tried not to squirm, not to buck his hips like his muscles were tensing to do. It was deliriously good just watching Will use his mouth, just knowing Will

wanted this… Hannibal bit his lip, unable to take his eyes off the sight: Will perfectly focused, his cock stuffed in his mouth like a jawbreaker, hnngh…

Will ran his tongue over the glans and pulled back his foreskin, slipping under it, teasing his head mercilessly. Hannibal's breaths came with needy, desperate sounds, small whines and wheezes, and Will couldn't get enough of it. He could feel Hannibal shaking, his thighs trembling under him, but he just wanted *more*. He slid his slick mouth over the head and started mouthing down his shaft, pleased Hannibal was so thick he filled his mouth even like this. He moaned to himself and squirmed, trying to ignore the growing tension in his own pants.

Will finally reached the small thatch of hair where Hannibal's cock met his pelvis and shamelessly pressed his face into it, inhaling deeply. He almost could have wished for more of a bush, getting off on the rich, musky scent of Hannibal's arousal. Will let himself drool and slobber, licking greedily around the base of his cock. His hands moved over his pelvis, keeping his hips steady, then pushed up, rolling up his shirt, laying a hand over Hannibal's trembling abdomen, he could feel every ab twitching under the skin, burning with tension.

Will looked up at Hannibal and winked, "Is it good?" He moved around to the other side and started licking up his shaft, slicking it up. Will watched him pant, open-mouthed, gaping at him. Hannibal nodded helplessly, "Yes, yeeesss…" he moaned, digging his fingers so deep he was clinging to the mattress itself.

Will grinned at his response, eagerly slobbering over his cock, he wanted it so wet it was dripping. He slurped back up to the very tip and delicately ran his teeth very very softly over the sensitive skin. He watched a thin, clear drop of fluid leak out of Hannibal's cock and with a tiny yelp, kissed it away, smacking his lips, wet and loud.

He could hear Hannibal's pants getting wetter and wetter, he knew this was doing terrible things to him. He was glad of it. He gripped the base of Hannibal's cock again and ran his tongue over the head one last time, looking up at him and maintaining eye contact. He ran his tongue dizzily over the tip, round and round, listening to Hannibal whine for him. Hannibal made the most beautiful sounds, all full and open and unguarded. Will couldn't stop looking at him, how deliciously hypnotized he was, the depth of longing in his eyes. Will hadn't done this in a long time and even when he did do this, it wasn't like he did it often. He wanted to say he'd missed that look but… he wasn't sure it had ever quite felt like this before.

Tearing his eyes away, Will took a deep breath and started to bob his head, sucking Hannibal down. He shut his eyes, feeling the rhythm. "Mmm…" he moaned to himself, it was so thick, so filling, he felt read to burst from it. He curled his fist around the base and pumped Hannibal's heavy cock into his mouth, utterly worshipping it.

"Will…!" Hannibal moaned brokenly, rocking his hips into it. Will pressed against his abdomen with his free hand, curling his fingers against the pressure, shuddering himself, sharing Hannibal's tension. He laid his hand flat and slid it down to his pelvis, still shivering, savoring the heat and tension and pushing himself against him with every thrust into his mouth, letting Hannibal rock his hips harder.

Hannibal's whines choked off abruptly into a gurgle and suddenly his hands were on Will, grasping his shoulders, pulling at him. Will opened his eyes, surprised, and looked up at him, not breaking speed. Hannibal looked back at him with what could only be described as adoration. His nostrils flared with every breath, his hair falling in front of his eyes, but his gaze was steady and desperate on Will. Will blinked at him and tried to smile around his fat cock, tried to tell him it was okay to touch.

He closed his eyes again, bowing his head to let Hannibal run his fingers through his curls. Hannibal's hand drifted closer and experimentally ruffled. Will whined, hollowing his cheeks as he sucked. Hannibal let out a bone-deep groan and fisted his hands into Will's hair, getting a good grip, clinging to him for dear life.

Finally overcome, Will's self-restraint crumbled and he took to grinding against the bed, way too stimulated to resist any longer. He picked up the pace, slurping, drooling over Hannibal's erection, he couldn't get enough, just couldn't, didn't want to stop sucking on him. He shuddered when Hannibal, pushed to the brink, shoved his head down and ground helplessly into his mouth, keening and whimpering with every pulse beat. Will *loved* every second of it, being used, being wanted, being needed. He moaned with Hannibal when he shook apart, coming into his mouth and dripping down his lips, over his chin.

Will gasped, shaking, Hannibal's come still hot on his face, afraid he was almost coming in his pants too. He closed his eyes, pulling on the reins of his restraint with all his might. He licked his mouth clean then squinted his eyes open, seeing Hannibal coming down, his hands relaxing in his hair. Hannibal stared at him, still shivering, and ran a thumb over his lips tenderly in wonderment, staring at them, rubbed red and rubbery from use, twice their normal size. Then his eyes wandered down to the enormous erection sticking out of Will's pants.

Hannibal swallowed, mouth dry, "Will, please…"

"E-Excuse me." With all the focus he had left, Will stood up and winced his way to the bathroom, sliding out of Hannibal's hands. His cock felt hard as a rock, so stiff it barely took any stroking at all to come. Will was glad he was sitting down this time, but still felt like wobbling rubber when he stood up again. Were orgasms always supposed to be this intense? His cock still felt fucking hard as he tucked himself back in, but he ignored it.

Taking a deep breath, Will poked his head outside again and edged back into the bedroom where Hannibal was assiduously cleaning up. "You can leave that..." Will swallowed.

Hannibal sighed slowly, "Still assuming I'm doing anything for you," he glanced up at Will, smirking faintly, but not at all like before.

"Would you do something for me if I asked it?" Will tried cautiously.

Hannibal stopped and straightened up, "You have an uncanny way of asking me for things I cannot give, Will. But ask."

"Would you come help me finish making your bed?" Will's lips quirked hopefully.

Hannibal began to smile, "That would be an exception to the rule."

Chapter 8

“Now we just need a set of sheets and it’s all yours,” Will pushed the mattress onto the modest black frame and tested it, sitting down. As much fun as Will had building things, it was easier, and even more fun, with company. In spite of terrible IKEA instructions, the simple frame bed took almost no time at all to assemble. Will was quietly pleased to have Hannibal’s help, smiling down at his hands.

Hannibal sat down on the bed next to Will, bouncing slightly, pleasure streaming out of his face, “Thank you, Will.” He leaned in, intent on Will’s lips.

Will turned away abruptly, “You’re welcome.”

Hannibal frowned, “I only wanted to say thank you.”

“And you said it. You’re welcome.”

Hannibal cocked his head, “You just thanked me in rather more graphic terms than a kiss...” Will flushed, moving to stand up, “Am I not allowed to thank you, but you are?” Hannibal halted his progress.

“That was-”

“Different?” Hannibal snorted.

“No! Well... it was...” Will shut his eyes and took a deep breath, “I have an obligation to you.”

“That I don’t share?”

“No. You don’t,” Will turned to look at him.

Hannibal paused, considering that, “Because you bought me.”

“Because I bought you,” Will nodded.

Hannibal was quiet, studying everything in the room except Will’s face, “Then, to you, owning me precludes my ability to choose.”

Will sighed, taking his time choosing his words, “Of course you can choose, but... owning you means I can disregard any choice you make. Or make those choices for you.”

“You could disregard it even if you didn’t own me,” Hannibal pointed out.

Will shook his head, “As two independent entities, disregarding choice has repercussions. As my... possession,” Will swallowed, the word sticking in his throat, “I can do whatever I want with you with impunity.”

“Then why have sex with me at all?” Hannibal looked at him hard, “If I cannot give consent, then-”

“Because you’re obviously NOT just a possession,” Will burst out, “You obviously CAN make choices, I’m just...” Will collapsed, throwing his head in his hands, “I’m just trying to reconcile these two realities.”

Hannibal stopped. “Oh,” he said softly, not so much surprised as disillusioned. He looked at him, Will could feel it; he was surprised and relieved to no longer feel anger, but a strange sort of sadness and sympathy from Hannibal.

“You don’t want to abuse your power,” Hannibal murmured eventually after a long breath.

Will nodded, resting his lips on the tips of his fingers.

“Most people in your position wouldn’t even hesitate,” Hannibal smiled wistfully.

Will’s lip curled, “I know.”

Hannibal wet his lips slowly, thinking, “Is there… anything I can do to settle your mind on the conflict?”

Will shook his head, then rolled it back, rubbing the back of his neck like he’d just lifted a massive weight from it. “I honestly don’t know. I really don’t do well on hypotheticals,” he sighed and rose from the bed; this time Hannibal let him, but rose too.

“Then, thank you, Will,” Hannibal laid a warm hand on his shoulder, “for giving me an independent space of my own, since I now see that’s what this is.”

Will’s lip quirked, “Please, don’t thank me for respecting you.”

Hannibal shook his head, “I know you don’t need thanks. It was an acknowledgement of something unspoken between us; you gave me something I should always have, but didn’t ask for.”

Will met his eyes cautiously and nodded, grateful for Hannibal’s steadying hand on his shoulder in this difficult conversation. Hannibal squeezed gently. “It is good to establish exactly where our relationship is, Mr. Graham,” he looked up at him coyly, having to dip his head to do so.

“I hate it when you call me that,” Will sighed, trying not to smile.

“Then I will only use it when I want you to hate me.”

Will’s lips spread wide. It was stupidly easy to relax with Hannibal, “Let me go get those sheets for you.”

Will turned for the door, then quickly turned back in the doorway, “Oh! I keep forgetting to mention, I have work in the morning!”

Hannibal's eyebrows rose, "Yes, I assumed so."

"I'll… be gone all day," Will shrugged, eyebrows pinched, "There'll be nothing for you to do, I mean-"

"What time will you be leaving to go to work in the morning?" Hannibal interrupted, stepping nearer into the doorway too.

"Um… 8, about 8, why?" Will's face scrunched up, confused.

"Then I expect you to be awake for breakfast at 7," Hannibal replied mildly.

"But-"

"Will," Hannibal's tongue lingered over the l's of his name, almost sighing, "There is still so much of this house I haven't been acquainted with yet. I can amuse myself for a day."

"*Hannibal*," Will groaned, hanging himself in the doorframe, "I don't think you understand, it isn't just for today. I teach at Quantico, it's a 9 to 5 job, I won't be back until the evening, sometimes very late in the evening."

"Then it will comfort you to know there is someone at home waiting for you."

Will flushed abruptly, reminded of why he'd thought of ordering a bride in the first place. He ducked his head, simultaneously trying to hide and to think of what to say to make Hannibal understand.

"On the issue of where your ownership ends and my autonomy begins," Hannibal murmured, tilting his chin up with a pair of fingers, "What I do with my own time is really none of your concern."

Will blinked, "I-"

"You do not have to fill every waking second of my time, Will," Hannibal's eyes crinkled, "or would you have me do the same for you?"

Will swallowed and shook his head, "No, I wouldn't expect that."

"Then there's no obligation, is there?" Hannibal smirked and uncurled his fingers from Will's jaw.

Will chewed his lip slowly, unable to erase the twinge of guilt inside him about leaving Hannibal alone at home all day, but he nodded, unable to argue with Hannibal's point either.

"But you did promise me sheets," Hannibal pouted, glancing back at his undressed bed, "I will have to hold you to the obligations you set for yourself."

Will rolled his eyes, walking down the hall, "And that 7 o'clock wake-up call?"

“Wake-up call? That’s when breakfast will be *served*,” Hannibal tsked, “If you are not in my kitchen promptly at that time, I will haul you out of bed myself and make you eat.”

“*Your* kitchen?” Will scoffed, returning with the sheets.

Hannibal stared at him blankly, “Did you want it back?”

Chapter 9

“Will!” Hannibal turned, hearing the door swing open, “You’re home!”

Will walked through his front door and stopped dead, staring at his mail order bride Hannibal Lecter in that godforsaken maid’s uniform. To be more accurate, this wasn’t even the stereotypical French maid’s outfit, which was sexualized enough already, oh no: this was the special porn version. It consisted of a black top with white collar with puffy little sleeves and it didn’t even reach his nipples, black panties with an absurd little frill around the waist to allude to a skirt, but it barely covered his junk, black hose with garters, and a lacey white headband, complete with black satin bow.

Will wasn’t entirely sure who he more wanted to drop dead, himself or Hannibal, but one thing was for sure: at least one of them was not going to survive this.

“Did you have a good day at work?” Hannibal hummed pleasantly, approaching him. He kept his thighs squeezed together as he walked, rolling his hips, showing off his package as if it *needed* help, squeezed into the little black hammock and prominently displayed thanks to the nonexistent skirt.

Will elected to go blind at that moment. He set his briefcase down mechanically, dropping his keys on the little table next to the door, “We need to talk about a dress code.”

Hannibal nodded, “I quite agree,” as he came to rest in front of Will, hands lingering at his inviting hips.

Will blinked, at last looking up at him, completely befuddled.

“You don’t need to wear those glasses around the house,” Hannibal inclined his head, smiling.

Will could feel a fissure running through his brain. Hannibal was *impossible*. And yet, he still removed his glasses, snapping them shut and dropping them in his pocket, “And the maid’s uniform?”

Hannibal cocked his head, “I wanted to surprise you. Does it please you?”

“No, it doesn’t,” Will shoved past him, dragging his suitcase to the kitchen to get a drink. A *large*, stiff drink.

Hannibal followed him, like an uncanny impression of one of his strays. He was always taking in strays, he really had to quit that. Some of them followed you around and adored you and expected you to be okay with that. Will pulled down his largest bottle of scotch and poured until enough seconds were filled with sloshing liquid. The longer he didn’t turn around, the longer he didn’t have to face Hannibal. He sighed, reluctantly stopping before he overflowed the tumbler, about there seemed like the right amount.

Will turned back to find Hannibal regarding him from the counter, casually leaning back, hips propped up. Will kept the drink protectively at his lips, trying to ignore how everything he did was lewd in that wretched costume of his. He took a long drink while Hannibal just looked him over. He spoke only when Will had brought the drink down away from his face.

“I’m very sorry it displeases you,” Hannibal murmured, a coy smile still tangling in his words, “I’ve been dusting and I thought the outfit very apt.” His smile threatened to break from insinuation into physical reality.

Will groaned and took another long drink. He just *had* to order the bride with the sense of humor, didn’t he?

“I find it difficult to believe you wore this purely for your own amusement,” Will growled, voice roughened by the alcohol.

Hannibal cocked his head, “Have I given the impression of having ulterior motives, Will?” He said it so innocently, Will had trouble not smiling at him for it.

Will ran his tongue over his teeth, taking a few wary steps in Hannibal’s direction, “I think you had a rough idea of when I’d be home, that’s opportunity. We had already established you had the means,” Will’s eyes glanced pointedly over the costume he distinctly remembered falling out of Hannibal’s bag, “Which only leaves us with motive. You’ve already intentionally teased me once through the use of costume. And when I walked in you asked me if it pleased me. I infer from this that you want me to be pleased by your appearance.” Will smiled slowly, finding himself standing much closer to Hannibal than he’d originally intended to move. Now he was here though, he didn’t want to move back for all the world.

Hannibal’s eyebrows rose, “An interesting theory. Shall we test it?” He smirked, sliding around Will and moving back toward the living room.

Will frowned, following him, “What do you mean test it?”

“Your theory certainly shows your skill as an investigator,” Hannibal bent over, picking something up, “But embedded within your excellent deductive skills is an assumption.”

“Oh?” Will stopped, coming to stand behind his armchair.

“You assume that my desire to dress for you prohibits me from actually performing housework,” Hannibal turned to him with a duster in hand, grinning.

Will groaned, slumping against the chair, “Hannibal-”

Hannibal turned back and demonstrated, dusting into the highest reaches of his bookcases, spaces that had probably been undisturbed for years. Will sighed and flopped into his chair, resigned to watching him. He had to give Hannibal credit for dedication though. It wasn’t easy to appear to be stretching on tip toe to reach the cupboard when you were as tall as Hannibal.

“I *was* dusting as well as waiting for you to come home,” Hannibal concluded, turning back to him with a little curtsy.

Will knocked his head back, sighing, “I never said that you didn’t…” he shook his head, “Thank you, Hannibal, you make a beautiful maid.”

Hannibal looked up, eyes widening, intrigued, “Beautiful?” He stepped closer, setting down the duster, “I thought you didn’t like my outfit.” His lips started to curl, pleased.

Will flushed, taking another drink. “I don’t,” he confirmed, “that’s why I want a dress code.”

Hannibal cocked his head, “A dress code? Hmmm… and what about your ownership-autonomy debacle?” He set his hands on either side of Will’s arm chair, leaning over him.

Will gulped, sensing a trap too late, and blinked up at him confused, “What are you talking about?”

“My autonomy,” he said simply, leaning into Will’s space, “How I dress is my choice, is it not? Instating a dress code would inhibit my choice.” Hannibal clucked his tongue, “I thought you wanted to steer clear of all that.”

Will chewed his tongue, very aware of Hannibal’s chest hovering over him, his groin perched over his knees, his hands climbing up the arms of his chair, and yet somehow just avoiding touching him.

“Weren’t you the one who suggested I had no reason to feel guilty?” he dragged his eyes up from his distracting body to look into Hannibal’s eyes, unsure how he wanted him to respond.

“Guilty for owning me, no, since you have seen fit to protect my freedoms,” Hannibal frowned, pressing a knee into his chair, “But is that about to change Will?”

Will felt his mouth go dry, response near to impossible. He knew what was coming next before Hannibal had started moving. Hannibal braced his knees on either side of Will, squeezing him into the chair, then sliding into his lap with all the grace of a cobra rearing its hood. He rolled his hips, getting comfortable, but Will couldn’t help but feel he didn’t intend to stop doing that any time soon.

Glad his hand wasn’t shaking, he raised his glass to his lips and drank, noticing how Hannibal watched his lips. “Is this the part where I say you’re trying to seduce me?” Will grumbled.

Hannibal’s lips spread unapologetically, his knees squeezed tight against Will’s hips, rolling his body into his lap again, “That was evident to you from the moment you walked in the door,” he purred.

Will’s tongue peeked out of his mouth, unbidden, wetting his lips in response to Hannibal’s confidence before he could pull it back in. “Doesn’t admitting it ruin the seduction?” Will murmured, trying to keep his focus on Hannibal’s glittering black eyes and not the way his ass kept brushing against his thighs.

Hannibal chuckled, low in his throat. “Not in your case,” he leaned forward, expecting Will’s sharp tilt back, and moved past his face to whisper in his ear, “Yesterday when I asked if there was anything I could do to persuade you, you said you had no idea. I thought I might give you an idea.”

Hannibal’s breath tickled his ear, amused and confident, and for a second, his cheek pressed against Will’s. Will’s mouth dropped open and he heard Hannibal sigh, the longing escaping him before he drew back, admiring Will’s flustered reactions.

Hannibal waited for Will’s eyes to meet his, then he leaned back, arching as if in ecstasy, and ran his hands down the long, lovely frame of his body, his hips continuing to roll. “Listen to me, Will,” he crooned, his voice teetering into gravel over the pleading vowels, “*look* at me. Do you hear me saying No? Stop? Don’t? Do you see me resisting you? Rejecting you?”

Hannibal looked up, bending forward to make sure Will understood. He snapped his hips forward, colliding for the first time into Will’s crotch. Will gasped despite himself, his hips jerking, eyes dilating. Hannibal leaned precariously forward, grinding into Will’s lap, making him feel it, “I want this.” He puffed the words over his lips, a hand reaching forward, lingering over his collar, brushing just inside, then dropping away.

Will swallowed hard, leaning as far back as the chair would let him, but the thick stuffing wouldn’t let him budge. His jaw tightened, working as he tried to think his way out of the haze of arousal Hannibal was inflicting on him by his… *everything*. Hannibal pushed at his hips, squeezing farther into the chair, and that, at last, reminded him. Will licked his lips, “I feel compelled to point out that you are dressed as a maid at the moment, a servant.”

Hannibal looked up at him, pushing at the arms of the chair to lift himself up and swivel his hips. “My choice,” he reminded him simply, even as his ‘skirt’ fell back from his growing erection. Hannibal’s breaths took on a heavier, guttural quality, but his focus never wavered.

Will smirked and leaned forward, sitting up abruptly so Hannibal fell into his lap, “So is this: I'm not fucking a slave so you can forget about it,” he grinned, leering up at Hannibal’s dark eyes, unaware his thighs were tensing under him, supporting Hannibal’s weight eagerly. Will’s body wasn’t fooling anybody.

Hannibal's persona faltered, doubt flickering across his eyes, but quickly recovered, grinding into his lap again, now able to tilt his pelvis so Will could feel the muscles of his ass working as well. “That word again,” he laughed humorlessly, “Such an ugly concept. Does it really apply to me?” He clamped his legs around Will’s waist and squeezed down against his cock, looking up at him with a deliberately childish pout.

Will gulped, overwhelmed temporarily by the tight heat between them, almost feeling a pulse shared, “L-Legally... technically...” he gasped, trying to recover.

Hannibal sighed and straightened up, releasing Will for the moment. But he pushed him back with a hand to his chest and wriggled and squirmed on top of him, starting to rock himself over his erection, “You would deny yourself over a technicality?”

Will chuckled breathlessly, “I've denied myself over much less.”

Hannibal's lips twitched, "A martyr. How quaint." He snapped forward, bringing his lips painfully close, just to see Will flinch from him and he smirked, "You really are masochistic you know."

Will narrowed his eyes, "I don't enjoy denying myself."

"No," Hannibal agreed, squeezing his hips down especially hard, "but you do enjoy denying *me* don't you?"

All the blood ran from Will's face, shocked at the accusation. No, not even that, a ploy, a double-bluff so smoothly played, he was caught in a moment of genuine emotion. He was so taken aback, his hand slipped on his glass of scotch, dropping out of his numb fingertips. Hannibal caught it before it could fall and raised it to his lips.

He sat up, pinning Will heavily to the chair, lips twisted into a smug line, "Well, I trust you won't deny me this." Hannibal lifted the glass, toasting him, and downed the last finger or two of scotch in one long, indecent swallow, head falling straight back, the tender ropes of his neck revealed.

A growl, deep and terrible, began to boil up in Will, all of his feeling suddenly returning with a vengeance. The growl reached fever pitch in seconds, just looking for an excuse to burst forth, and when Hannibal tipped the glass back and set it jauntily on the table, the growl ripped from him before Hannibal could fully lower his head.

Will lunged for him, his arms throwing out around him to keep him pinned to that lap he loved so much. Show him his throat, would he? Tease him, would he? Will would give him something he couldn't tease.

Ravenous with hunger, Will latched his mouth onto Hannibal's throat and *sucked*. He crushed Hannibal's surprised struggles against his body, one arm like vice around his waist. Hannibal quickly stopped, melting in his arms, mouth falling open, but it wasn't enough. Will's other arm trailed up his spine to the back of his head and tugged him back, bearing more of that obscene, taunting throat he'd so carelessly, heedlessly used against him. Will reluctantly stopped sucking, but there was so much more skin to claim, so much more Hannibal to conquer. He dragged tongue and teeth and lips over the tension where his windpipe strained and listened to the sound that came out of Hannibal; it was full whimper.

The growl inside Will leaked out, *pleased*. He shifted under Hannibal, spreading his legs and making him tilt back even farther, making his hips dip until their erections pressed together, awkward in their clothes. Keeping one arm pinning Hannibal where he wanted him, he slid his hand out of his hair and found the hot, straining spike of his cock, rubbing his palm roughly over its head. Hannibal hissed, helpless.

"Does this look like *denial* to you?" Will snarled, nipping Hannibal to urge him to answer quickly.

"Ah!" Hannibal gasped, wet and open. It took him a moment to form words, eyes rolling in his skull, "Under the circumstances…" he panted, "I'd call it desperate coping." He grinned even before Will glared at him.

Will lifted his mouth off Hannibal's throat, eliciting a disappointed whine, and squeezed his hand over Hannibal's throbbing cock, "Desperate coping… for me or for you?"

Hannibal shuddered, gasping, but his hips still ebbed out little rolls, pressing eagerly into Will's lap all the time. "There's no answer for that. Any more than there is a difference between denying me and denying yourself," Hannibal licked his lips thickly, "You want this."

Will raised an eyebrow and slid his hand under the waistband of his panties, pressing his hand over his cock and squeezing the base tight, unmoving. He mouthed at his neck, leaving wet trails all over his Adam's apple, delighted by its bob against his tongue, "Are you sure?"

Hannibal's fingers dug into the chair, scratching at the arms of it, "Will you force me to ask if that's a magnifying glass in your pocket?"

"Oh no…" Will purred, backing away and staring up at the glorious wreck of Hannibal, his eyes lidded and glassy, his beautiful swollen lips glistening and open. His hand stayed still but damningly present on his cock, "I just want you to be sure of what *exactly* I want."

Hannibal's eyes dilated, breathing in the challenge. His hips started to bounce harder of their own accord, giving away his enthusiasm. "Will…" his voice ran ragged over the name, Will shivered at it.

At last he gave Hannibal one long, slow tug, relishing the feel of his hot, slippery foreskin stretching taut, then wrinkling back. Hannibal's ass smacked against him a little harder that time, not that Will was complaining. "Can you be sure I'd really rather consummate this and give up teasing you?" he growled, admiring the flush all over his beautiful, smooth skin, "Can you be sure that *this* isn't what I truly want?"

Will leaned forward before Hannibal could reply and reattached himself to the other side of his neck, sucking, intent to leave a mark. He kept his hand slowly going, frustratingly out of rhythm with Hannibal's hips, stroking his cock. He released the arm holding Hannibal up to, finally, pinch down on one of those deliberately exposed nipples.

Hannibal bit down a scream, arching into it, jerking against Will's torturously slow grip, "M-Mr. Graham-" he whined.

"Call me that one more fucking time and I will bite," Will snarled, not lifting from his skin and the deep red spot he was lovingly creating.

All of Hannibal's glimmering teeth bared, "Is that a promise?"

Will instantly stopped sucking, closing his lips over his teeth and instead planted a kiss, soft and sweet, directly over his breastbone, twisting the nipple still in his fingers as he did so. There was a terrible pounding, almost buzzing, in his lips and he couldn't tell if it was Hannibal's frantic heart or his own.

"Ohhh, Will…" Hannibal cracked and wove his fingers into his hair again, knotting into it.

“You still haven’t answered my question,” Will rasped, pulling himself back and swallowing, “What do I want?” He pushed Hannibal’s cock over the top of his panties, his hand treacherously stroking him in time with his rolling hips.

Hannibal lifted his pelvis gratefully into the touch, keeping his hands in Will’s hair, still surprised he didn’t pull out of his grip. He ran his tongue over his lips, breath hitching, and tried to consider the question with a clear mind. “I don’t believe I can answer that… yet,” he smirked and let his hands fall to cup Will’s face, startling him.

Will froze, preparing to break away, “Hannibal what-” but before he could protest Hannibal ducked forward under his chin and kissed and sucked and claimed the sweet pulse at his neck the way Will had claimed his.

Will’s hand reflexively squeezed harder on his cock and they groaned together. Hannibal’s strong, long-fingered hands tilted his head back, giving him more room to suck, pulling at Will’s skin as if he was trying to kiss the muscles beneath it and the bones beneath that.

“*Ohhh*…” Will couldn’t help it, the sigh that came out of him as his eyes turned glassy under Hannibal’s lips. He hadn’t… he hadn’t even thought about *this*. He hadn’t thought what it would be like if he let Hannibal reciprocate at all.

Hannibal broke away, panting, “I knew it: *denial*,” he hissed in his ear and wrapped his thighs around Will’s waist, all but riding his cock. Hannibal dropped his hands even lower, running his thumb over the ridge of his Adam’s apple, the pink, tender spot where he’d sucked; Will shuddered, swallowing hard to prevent a moan that would destroy him.

“That was not the sound of a man indifferent, Will,” Hannibal’s voice crackled with desire, his smooth tones rolled over the sharp rocks of hunger. “If all you truly wanted was to see me shiver, I would not have been able to do that…” Hannibal’s eyes bore into his, desperate with their wanting, “why must you deny yourself?” He brought his hands over Will’s neck up to cup his face again before dropping them with a sigh.

Will remembered his hand, now slack, on Hannibal’s cock, the other dropped feebly to his side. He remembered the seduction, the trap, and, most of all, what Hannibal was wearing. He tried not to remember the feeling of Hannibal’s competent, wet lips on his neck, stopping time for him.

He sat up purposefully, tightening his grip on Hannibal’s cock, and, more importantly, swinging his other hand around his waist to reach up under his pelvis and seize that softest, tenderest part of Hannibal’s thigh. Hannibal arched back in shock, bucking, Will kept his hand tight and firm, digging in right where Hannibal most wanted him to squeeze.

“Remember our discussion on autonomy?” Will growled, more menace than voice, “This would be an example of *my* autonomy because I’m still not fucking a slave.” He grinned, feral and harsh, and tugged Hannibal hard against him, letting him feel his erection press up against his balls, and started stroking again, quick and efficient, calling the pace now and forcing Hannibal to keep up.

“Will,” Hannibal scrabbled at the arms of the chair, wheezing in protestation.

“No,” Will corrected, keeping his hand steady on Hannibal’s slick shaft, “No matter how bad I want you, no matter how you try to persuade, I reserve my choice. *That’s* autonomy.”

A flush rose high in Hannibal’s cheeks at Will’s admission and Will couldn’t resist palming the globe of his ass, squeezing that thick muscle that had been working so hard all this time. Hannibal yelped, bucking into Will’s hands, grinding against any surface of him he could reach. His voice was reduced to strained pants, roughly making out the shape, “Will.”

“What I *am* going to do though,” Will continued, voice breaking with need as he locked eyes with Hannibal, “is pleasure you beyond known human capacity, overload your senses, stretch your thresholds until there is nothing your body remembers but this…” His voice cracked again, so thin, so dry.

Hannibal groaned, unabashedly, rolling his whole body into a full-length shiver and grabbed Will’s hands. He slapped Will’s touch onto his ass, demanding to be squeezed, bruised, stretched, he kneaded his cheeks with Will’s fingers until Will clutched on and spread him, snapping him onto his trapped, tortured cock unapologetically.

Hannibal smiled helplessly, listening to Will pant and jerk at his hips. “Will… Will…!” he gasped, clutching his shoulders and riding every violent thrust. Will’s eyes slammed shut, shivering at his name, hoarse and fervid on his lips, and it was enough to send Hannibal over the edge, spurting messily between them, leaking onto his stretched and twisted panties, staining the front of Will’s clothes. Will’s head fell forward onto his chest, panting with exertion, holding Hannibal as he shook down around him.

When Hannibal’s hands sunk into his hair again, Will looked up, still terribly unrelieved himself. Hannibal sighed, a dazed, lazy smile at his lips, and didn’t ask this time. Will grunted brusquely and lifted Hannibal up by the waist, holding him briefly in the air, to Hannibal’s delighted surprise, before depositing him in a slumped, debauched heap back in the chair and stumbling back towards the bathroom.

“And the dress code?” Hannibal called out when he had just made it to the doorway.

Will fell onto the doorframe, disarmed, and shot back, “Wear whatever the fuck you want.”

He could still hear Hannibal laughing after he shut the door.

Chapter 10

Will groaned aloud for the first time as he jerked off. More than just wet pants and the slick smack of skin on skin; he let Hannibal hear his pleasure.

“Fffuck,” he bit down on his lip hard, trying not to think of Hannibal, splayed and sated in the other room, trying not to think of how he’d pantomimed fucking Hannibal with no restraint but his clothes and Hannibal had come from it, trying not to think about Hannibal’s lips, those *lips*, how he’d sucked on his neck, and it was absolutely the most riveting, erotic physical experience of his life. He tried not to think of it, but the memories played back with urgent intensity, washing over him at the tempo of his hammering heart, and he was helpless against it. Helpless.

That’s how his orgasm felt: helpless, utterly beyond him, a force out of his control, just sweeping him along in its tide. “*Oh god*,” he cried out, high and thin and *knowing* with trembling certainty that Hannibal could hear him. And the knowing was *sinfully* good. His cock drove into his hand while he shook down to his ankles, slick and throbbing like Hannibal’s had been seconds ago. The thought choked a whimper out of Will as the orgasm pushed a second wave, jerking him hard and dry with the force of it. *So good so good so good* his brain babbled at him, over saturated and still greedy.

His knees finally gave out and he slowly lowered himself to the floor, clutching the toilet bowl for balance so he didn’t fall over. The chill sucked heat from him with merciful ease and he was soon on his feet again, shaky and wobbly, but feeling recovered enough to walk out and face Hannibal again.

Hannibal had stayed in the sprawled, reclining heap Will had left him in, sweat still cooling on his skin, the headband askew on his ruffled hair. He looked up at Will with eyes deep and too warm, not with hunger, but gratitude. Will darted his gaze away, but his mouth ran dry looking at the splash of come on Hannibal’s belly, the white streaks through this black costume. He swallowed painfully, trying to ignore the chant in the back of his mind *so good so good so good* as it reluctantly began to dissipate.

“Am I still a beautiful maid, Will?” Hannibal spoke up, focusing Will’s attention for him.

Will met his eyes, trying not to hear the question as ‘am I more attractive without the evidence of lust or with?’ His lips quirked, “As I said before, Hannibal, *you* are beautiful, the costume is not.”

Hannibal beamed, easy and full, absorbing the praise like a sponge. Will licked his lips, looking away, it felt so odd: someone smiling like that at him. Because of him. It was a weird thought, that anyone could be pleased by him, but… pleasant.

He cleared his throat. “You should take a shower,” Will gestured back to the bathroom with an awkward smile.

Hannibal glanced after his hand, then sat up a little, looking down at his soiled costume, then back at Will, “I might. And you may want to do a load of laundry,” he nodded to the drying smears of come on Will’s clothes.

Will blinked, looking down at himself; he’d forgotten about that. He swallowed hard and nodded, “Yes, yes…” He smiled in an embarrassment he wasn’t used to feeling, “I should.”

Hannibal’s lips curved at him, fond and reassuring, as he carefully rose out of the chair, removing his headband and ruffling his sweat-stiffened hair, “May I shower first?” he approached Will, cocking his head,

“Of course,” Will nodded quickly, then slowed down, trying to relax, “It’s all yours.”

Hannibal rested in front of him, unembarrassed and smiling and Will paused, struck for a moment by the sheer confidence of Hannibal. Will didn’t doubt that almost nothing embarrassed him.

Hannibal reached out and laid a hand on Will’s shoulder, stroking, squeezing gently, “*Thank* you,” he murmured before dropping his hand and striding into the bathroom. Somehow, he took Will’s awkwardness with him as he left. Will turned his head back over his shoulder, watching him go, feeling relaxed and content. Maybe this arrangement could work out.

It took Will longer than before to quash that idea. *So good so good so good* beat its soft tattoo in the distance.

Will sighed on the couch, wearing lounge pants and his night shirt as he waited for Hannibal to finish his shower. He’d thought about cooking dinner, but looked inside his refrigerator and found he didn’t recognize anything inside it, except the small tin of his own homemade dog food.

“Well, at least I can cook some things, can’t I Winston?” Will scratched the brindle dog sitting next to him on the couch. Winston yawned and flopped his head on Will’s thigh, noncommittal.

Will pouted, “Thanks for the endorsement.”

The bathroom door creaked open and Will leaned his head back to see Hannibal stepping out, awash with steam, hair slicked back, wearing nothing but a towel. Will blushed. He had seen Hannibal a great deal more naked than that, hell, he’d personally brought Hannibal to orgasm twice. But somehow this nonsexual, vulnerable nudity felt even more intimate.

Hannibal found his wide eyes and cocked his head curiously, “What?”

Will swallowed and bit his lip, “Have… have you considered wearing your hair like that?”

Hannibal’s eyebrows rose, his face appearing even more gaunt and expressive with his hair combed back and disciplined, “You like it?”

Will thought about it gelled and tightly controlled like that. Will thought about the beautiful silver sheen it would have over his washed-out brunette coloring. Will thought about how

intimidating and imposing Hannibal would look like that. His teeth grazed his lower lip, “I think you could try it,” he turned away, trying not to blush harder.

Out of the corner of his eye, Will could see Hannibal cracking a wide smile, “I’ll consider it.” He kept smiling to himself, walking down the hallway to his room for a change of clothes.

“Since your shower is finished, I’ll start the laundry now,” Will followed him at a respectable distance, hesitating at the mouth of the hallway, “is your… costume machine wash or…?”

Hannibal stuck his head out, “Oh no, handwashing only. Thank you for asking, I’ll take care of it,” he nodded and ducked back inside the doorway.

Will nodded, started to move to wash his clothes, then stopped, rubbing his lips thoughtfully. Hannibal’s skills just kept piling up but never seemed to render a complete picture of who he’d been. Will puzzled over him. “Cook, maid, translator…” he ticked off Hannibal’s possible previous occupations, raising his voice enough that Hannibal could hear, “And with enough money to gamble it all away and have to pay your debt like this…”

“Did you look me up, Will?” Hannibal asked curiously. It should have been a charge, but Hannibal sounded unperturbed, as if he expected no less.

Will nodded, even if Hannibal couldn’t see, and sighed, “*Doctor* Hannibal Lecter. You should have your profile entry updated.”

Hannibal snorted, “Yes, a disgraced, non-practicing physician and psychiatrist is just what everyone looks for in a purchased companion.”

Will winced, but knew there wasn’t a nicer way to say it. No matter what else Hannibal was, he was currently a slave. And Will, to his lasting regret, owned him.

“Not just physician,” Will corrected, “a surgeon, specializing in trauma. That’s a tough job.”

“Too tough,” Hannibal sighed, stepping out of his room again, in a surprisingly modest button down and slacks. The sudden conservatism in dress twigged a perverse chord in Will’s mind, as if Hannibal wanted to deliberately juxtapose his suddenly acceptable, if slightly formal, dress with what Will’s memories could provide. Will lifted his chin, knowing it *had* to be deliberate then, but refused to think anything more about it if that was the case.

“That’s why I quit,” Hannibal continued, coming to stand in front of Will at the edge of the hallway.

“Mmm,” Will nodded, “Not a good switch if you ask me,” he stood back, letting Hannibal pass.

“Really?” Hannibal cocked his head, not moving an inch, “I stood a much lower risk of killing anyone when I practiced psychiatry, I considered that a good switch.”

“Killing anyone?” Will frowned.

“I killed someone. Or, more accurately, I couldn’t save someone, but it felt like killing them,” Hannibal sighed.

“You were an emergency room surgeon, had to happen from time to time,” Will shrugged it off.

“It happened one time too many,” Hannibal explained, “I transferred my passion for anatomy into the culinary arts, I fixed minds instead of bodies, and no one died as a result of my therapy.” His lips quirked, “A better outcome for everyone, I think.”

Will rolled the idea around in his head. “I’m glad to hear that. But I can tell you, if I had known you were a psychiatrist when we met, we would not be speaking now,” he shook his head and moved to finally pick up his laundry and take it down to the washer.

Hannibal followed him, frowning, “May I ask why?”

“I have an empathy disorder,” Will’s lips pursed, “Little understood, rarely studied, and everybody wants to take a crack at my brain and I won’t let them.” He scooped up his clothes and shoved past Hannibal back down the hall.

“Surely there must be other people with your disorder, though. Why are you so hounded?” Hannibal padded after him, hands in his pockets.

“It’s the way I use my empathy. I combine my disorder with an active imagination and a background in criminal studies and I catch killers by thinking like them,” Will smiled emptily, throwing his clothing into the washer and not waiting for Hannibal’s reaction.

“That does sound… unusual,” Hannibal nodded, watching Will’s body tense, his shoulders tighten.

“Not you too,” he growled.

“But, I couldn’t be less interested,” he added, “I’m no longer practicing and there would be a serious conflict of interest asking you to confide in me as your therapist now that we’re married.” Hannibal flashed him a big, toothy smile, no newlywed could look more pleased.

Will sighed and rolled his eyes, but his lips quirked gratefully, “I should have married a shrink years ago, to protect me from all the other shrinks.”

Hannibal laughed openly, “I’ll fight off anyone knocking down your door.”

“I should bring you to work with me,” Will smiled ruefully, finally turning to face him again after setting the washing machine, “Loads to fight off there.”

“Should I oil my boxing gloves?” Hannibal offered.

Will laughed, letting Hannibal’s wry, understated sense of humor relax him again. “That won’t be necessary at this time,” he smiled, “but if I ever mention the name Frederick Chilton, you may want to pull those out.”

“I’ll keep myself fighting fit then,” he winked, flexing against the tight shirt just to tease Will.

Will looked down immediately, ignoring the rising *so good so good so good* eagerly whispering at him. “I was thinking about making dinner but… I realized my kitchen no longer belongs to me,” he dared to look up at Hannibal again, smirking.

Hannibal’s teeth caught the light briefly, his smile always so bright and surprising, “Indeed? And you were utilizing it so effectively,” he mock-apologized.

Will scoffed, “Well since it’s all yours now, you get to run it, full stop,” he led Hannibal back out to the kitchen, “I genuinely have no idea what’s in here anymore, I’m of no use to you. It looked like you had some meat in the refrigerator for dinner? It wasn’t labeled so I can only guess.”

“Pork,” Hannibal clarified, stepping up behind him, “pork chops, but perhaps a little too heavy for tonight I’m thinking.” He opened the refrigerator and peered inside, “What do you say to grilled flat bread?”

“Pizza?” Will grinned childishly.

Hannibal’s face twitched, closing into a sneer, “Capicola and prunes is hardly-”

“Pizza!” Will insisted, just for the look on his face.

Hannibal groaned, sighing and muttering a tirade against the American palate, half conducted in Italian. He’d found another mysterious quality of Hannibal’s, Will concluded as an odd kind of warmth spread through his body, watching the incensed taller man cook: he was *adorable*.

Chapter 11

Will discovered, two weeks later, that his whole life was now changed because of Hannibal. Two weeks ago, when he was single and Hannibal was just a drunken fantasy, he'd rolled out of bed at 7:45 to take a brisk shower before leaving for Quantico, never ate breakfast and usually forgot to eat lunch, came home to his dogs at 6, ate whatever was easiest to microwave, and checked the local homicide reports, homework, and whatever else the FBI wanted his brain to look at. His weekends were his salvation of fishing and peace and quiet with no human interaction, only the calm of the stream.

But now, he was awake promptly at 7 am, or risked the wrath of his extremely enthusiastic chef husband, ate 3 square meals a day, Hannibal saw to it personally, and came home to a brightly lit, welcoming house with delicious scents pouring off of it, and one distinct, unmistakable voice calling out, "Good evening, Will," over the barking and yelping and whining. And, unexpectedly, Will was glad of the change.

Will from two weeks ago would not have recognized Will now. He was putting on weight from eating food regularly, he was smiling more, he was sleeping… well, he was sleeping worse actually, but that was another story. He had liked his life before, the solitude and the placidity, he had had no complaints. But then Hannibal had waltzed into his life and quietly rearranged his world around him until Will looked back and saw Hannibal holding every piece together and he felt… belonging.

And what was so odd about it was Will was still in his own house, Hannibal was the stranger, and yet, he felt like the visitor discovering home for the first time, not the other way around.

Every day, life was suddenly bright, early mornings, long leisurely breakfasts, tenderly packed lunches between classes, and charming conversation at night. Everything had changed in the blink of Hannibal's dark, glittering eyes, and Will didn't even notice until he found himself considering taking Hannibal on his weekend fishing trip when he had always loved the alone time best of all. Hannibal was quickly, disturbingly quickly, becoming his favorite part of the day.

They had sex as often as they didn't, perhaps more. Will never initiated. Despite everything, he continued to be strict with himself, refusing to come in, on, or even near Hannibal. He tried to be careful about where he put his mouth, but, during sex especially, it was so very hard to restrain himself. Hannibal was so present, so inviting, so all-encompassing; he begged to be touched and teased and tasted. He made it *infuriatingly* hard. In every sense of the word. But Will kept to the rules he'd laid down for himself.

But in his private moments, alone in his bed, after Hannibal had reluctantly gone back to his room and a sulk pervaded the house, Will laid awake and confided in himself how badly he wanted Hannibal. From the moment he first saw him, Will wanted to taste, to lick and squeeze and caress every part of him he could get his hands on. There was not one part of Hannibal he didn't want. Not even his obnoxiously smug personality and the sly, dangerous way his eyes glinted, sometimes, with a hunger too wild to understand. Even this, Will

wanted. More than he had ever expected. The picture on the site, where Hannibal turned his head to the camera and looked through it to the viewer as if he knew you were looking at him, even that did not do him justice. Hannibal was…

Will threw off his covers, sweating with guilt and arousal and no longer able to ignore his erection. It was horrible wanting his slave-husband so much.

But, while sometimes frustrating and sometimes awkward, Will felt better, looked better, worked better than… perhaps he ever had. When they met, Hannibal had promised him he wouldn't want him to leave. Will was beginning to fear he was correct.

"Now you've already studied the history of fingerprinting in other classes, most of you probably have some practical experience in taking fingerprints, but the science of fingerprints is not foolproof," Will was explaining to his class, wondering what Hannibal had packed him for lunch, "We have been taught that every person's prints are individual, unique. There are of course common patterns, but no two whorls or spirals are the exact same."

The door in the back of the room opened, a shaft of light temporarily blinding him while someone shuffled in. Will sniffed and continued on lecturing, "From recent evidence, with the sheer number of fingerprints we now have available, we've found that…" he looked to the back of the room to where the person was sitting down and saw that he recognized this person. Will's mouth closed abruptly, staring fixedly at the newcomer. The tall man squeezed into a seat and broke into a wide smile when he caught Will's glare. Hannibal waved.

Will turned instantly back to his projection, "We've found that, um, there are often duplicates, leading to false arrests and false convictions. This necessarily puts the status of fingerprints as evidence in jeopardy. Does this mean we can disregard fingerprints found at crime scenes? Of course not, but it does mean that in cases where there is a dearth of evidence, it would not be wise to use fingerprints as conclusive evidence. Their veracity is now… in question," Will swallowed, reluctantly turning back to the room, hyperaware of Hannibal watching him with a sort of polite curiosity.

"Um… th-there are of course advancing techniques on how to pattern fingerprints as well, technology grows to fill the need. And today we'll be having a practical demonstration down in the morgue with Jimmy Price, a leading expert in fingerprinting techniques. Tim, if you could hit the lights, and if you all could go walk down to 401 where Mr. Price will be waiting to finish this lecture, I'll be with you shortly," Will's jaw clenched, turning away from the confused students back to his desk and briefcase, knowing Hannibal would take the hint and stay behind.

"Captivating lecture, Professor Graham," Hannibal drawled, coming up behind him as the last few students filed out. Will's shoulders snapped tight as if a whip had been cracked at his ear.

Will turned slowly, glowering with hellfire, but carefully looking just over Hannibal's shoulder to make sure the last student was out, before biting out, "What. in the fuck. are you doing here?" His teeth bared, jaw squeezed tight.

"Your lectures are open to the public," Hannibal pouted.

“They really aren’t,” Will hissed.

Hannibal’s eyebrows rose, “You should probably tell that to security then,” he cocked his head at Will, sighing, “I just came to see you. I missed you,” he reached out a hand.

“No! No you don’t!” Will reeled back, probably farther than was strictly necessary, jostling his desk, “You don’t miss me, you want to go home, right now, and never visit me at work again. How did you even get here?!” Hannibal no longer had a car, he must have called a cab or something. Will groaned inwardly; Hannibal was incorrigible in all things.

Hannibal deflated, hurt, “Am I not allowed to miss my husband?” Will flinched, even though he knew no one else was in the room. “Aren’t you even a little pleased to see me?” Hannibal insisted, pressing closer and Will realized what a bad idea it had been to run himself back into the desk.

“No, I’m not, I’m panicking and- is that my shirt?!” Will gasped, noticing how tight it stretched over Hannibal’s broad chest, the buttons nearly ready to pop off.

“Mr. Graham, you’re still here!” a boisterous voice entered through the door.

Hannibal reluctantly stepped away, creating a respectable, inconspicuous distance between them, but Will just froze in the spotlight. Jack Crawford, head of the Behavioral Science Unit, was the last person Will wanted to explain himself to.

“Oh! I see you’re with a student,” Jack paused, glancing at Hannibal, then frowning when he couldn’t place him, “You must be new here, I’m Jack Crawford, director of Behavioral Science,” he extended a hand to Hannibal, who shook it warmly.

“Oh, I’m no student,” he smiled over at Will, then back at Jack, letting go of his hand, “Dr. Hannibal Lecter, pleasure to meet you.”

“He’s um, uh…” Will swallowed hard, fidgeting with his glasses, “a… guest observer.”

“Guest observer?” Jack frowned, clasping his hands in front of him.

“Yes,” Hannibal agreed, straightening up, sparing Will further excuses, “I’m an old friend of Will’s, on sabbatical. I’ve been meaning to take up criminal psychology as part of my repertoire as a psychiatrist and Will was kind enough to let me sit in on a few of his lectures.”

“Oh, I see,” Jack nodded, sounding convinced, “Well, Will’s one of our best, I hope you’re learning a lot.”

“Very much,” Hannibal’s smile lingered just a second too long on Will, “today’s lecture has been particularly enlightening.”

“Fingerprints, not as conclusive as you’d think,” Jack nodded, “well, I won’t detain you any longer from your lesson. But I will need to speak to you later Will, I have a case I want you to look at.”

Will nodded vacantly, certain he felt his soul leave his body sometime during that conversation and he was even more certain it wasn't coming back.

Collecting his briefcase and lecture notes, Will and Hannibal followed Jack out the door, but mercifully turned the opposite direction, at last headed down to the morgue.

"*Old friend?*" Will hissed.

"It would explain our intimate knowledge and affectionate disposition toward each other," Hannibal replied casually.

"I've known you barely two weeks!" Will tried to keep his voice down, scanning the hallways anxiously for anyone in hearing range.

Hannibal bowed his head to whisper in his ear, "And if you had to pick your closest companion today, you would say…?"

Will's eyes slid across to glare at him, but said nothing. In his periphery, he could tell Hannibal was smirking.

"Will!" a bright, feminine voice called out suddenly from down a side path. They both stopped dead, but before they could turn to see her, she added, "Hannibal?"

They looked across at each other, instinctively, gratified to see the other was just as surprised as they were. They turned to face her together.

"Alana!" Hannibal smiled as the small, dark-haired woman trotted up to them.

"Dr. Bloom," Will nodded, looking away.

"You don't have to call me Dr. Bloom, Will," Alana insisted, before leaning up to press a quick kiss to Hannibal's cheek as he embraced her, "And Hannibal, what are you doing here? Are you guest lecturing too?"

Will's eyes darted between them, unsettled by the clear familiarity.

"No, I'm guest observing," Hannibal smiled, charming as ever, "You know criminal psychology has never been my forte, that was your interest."

Alana rolled her eyes, "Your forte was anything you put your mind to. I'm not really all that shocked to find you here, but I am shocked to find you here with Will. Will, when did you meet Hannibal?"

Will gulped, glad his wide eyes were on the ground. When *would* he, a known loather of psychiatrists, ever meet or associate with this manipulative, snide, particularly repugnant doctor? There was absolutely no logical excuse.

"We've only just met," Hannibal stepped in, lies blithe and handsome on his lips, "He was recommended to me as someone to observe to learn about criminology. We're actually just on our way to see a practical demonstration."

Alana nodded, sure and steady, “Couldn’t agree more, Will has amazing insight. I wish I could learn from you sometimes.” She smiled at him, Will’s lips twitched faintly in return, pretty sure his bones had followed his soul.

“But I’m just glad to hear you’re not trying to study him,” Alana sighed, exasperated.

Hannibal chuckled, “The thought never even crossed my mind. It was lovely to see you Alana, but we really must continue on.”

“Right, of course, just surprised to see you, both, here, together,” she grinned awkwardly, “have a good class!”

They waited until they knew Alana was well and truly out of earshot before snapping at each other.

“How do you know Alana?!” Will growled.

“How do *you* know Alana?” Hannibal returned pleasantly, unperturbed by Will’s clouding eyebrows.

Will made a sharp right, not caring if Hannibal kept up, “She lectures here from time to time, we lecture on similar topics, and I asked you first.”

Hannibal grinned, snickering briefly, “I was her tutor at Johns Hopkins. We know each other from a very long time ago.”

Will stiffened imperceptibly, drawing himself up, gait lengthening. Yes, his history with Alana had been obvious. Although the coincidence that he should work with someone his mail order bride had gone to school with chilled Will to the bone.

“Thank you for lying for me,” Will muttered as they at last approached the morgue, “I appreciate it, but I’m positive you didn’t come here to then cover up the fact that you’re here, so, again *what* are you doing here?” Will stopped outside the door, waiting.

Hannibal cocked his head, “I *have* missed you, desperately,” he pouted, “Can’t I come see my husband whenever I wish?”

“Shhh!” Will knew it was unnecessary, but anxiety made him thoughtless.

“No, you really *don’t* want anyone to hear that do you?” Hannibal murmured, looking at him.

A terrible idea slowly began to form in Will’s mind, an idea about why Hannibal was here and what he wanted. Hannibal’s smile turned jagged as a barracuda’s, watching the understanding dawn on him, “Shall we?” he pushed open the doors, forcing them back into the game. If Will could bring himself to give Hannibal back at the end of the month, which by now was looking dubious, he was going to write a strongly worded letter of complaint about Hannibal’s infinite proclivity for manipulation and his capacious reserves for reveling in it.

Chapter 12

"…we can clearly see three distinct thumb prints, one of which is mine, fortunately. Always look for thumbs because…" Jimmy trailed off as the late and shaken professor walked in with an unexpected guest.

"Mr. Graham, how good of you to finally join us," Jimmy crowed, unapologetically calling him out.

Will made his lips stretch, teeth scarcely contained behind them, "Got a little sidetracked showing our guest around, sorry. Please, continue Mr. Price."

Jimmy's lips pursed, quickly running an eye over the stranger and taking note of the perverse tightness of his shirt, not quite hidden by his jacket. Will could tell Jimmy had noticed, Jimmy had a way of saying 'I *see*' without ever opening his mouth. He prayed Jimmy would return to the demonstration as quickly as possible without lingering on Hannibal's very visible taunts.

"Right, can anyone tell me why we look for thumbs?" he finally picked back up, relieving Will from his excuse-making for the moment.

"Because there's only two per person?" someone guessed.

Jimmy passed the student a withering stare and shook his head, "Another guess?"

"Because opposable digits have different patterns and their shape is unique to the other fingers?" A quieter student, bored with the wrong answers, chipped in.

"Well someone's done the reading," Jimmy sighed, "Yes, the thumb develops independent from the other fingers, its shape and pressure pattern are unmistakable…"

Will tuned him out, exhaling gratefully. Now, if he could just manage to stay here in the back until he found out what Hannibal wanted- Hannibal nudged him.

Will glared up at him, "What?"

"Shouldn't we move forward to inspect?" Hannibal murmured in his ear.

Will's lip curled, "I've had my fingerprinting lessons, but be my guest," he gestured to the throng of students crowded around the cadaver.

Hannibal pouted as Will turned away, ignoring him.

"I insist," Hannibal hissed and physically nudged him forward until they were right outside the ring of bodies around the corpse. Will winced at the potent smell of embalming fluid suddenly in his nostrils, his less than favorite aspect about the morgue.

Hannibal seemed to deliberately squeeze them between as many people as possible, creating the excuse to brush against Will, press against him, lean over him on pretense of viewing the body more closely. Jimmy gestured to some ligature marks and Hannibal swung an arm around Will to lean against the table, craning his neck for a better look like any overly keen student.

Will seethed under the surface; any stringent objection to Hannibal's behavior would raise suspicion, but Hannibal's behavior wasn't exactly inconspicuous either. Will's fist tightened under the table, nails digging into his skin, relieving the tension he couldn't show on his face. He could feel Jimmy watching them, the old gossip, but Will kept his face neutral and focused on the body. If Jimmy was going to say anything, he was going to have to save it until after class.

"And now, before you all rush off to your next class, I want to show off my new toy. My *assistant* if you could…?" Jimmy walked out from around the examination table as someone walked in from the supplies closet.

Hannibal let his hand drop as he turned, following the line of Will's rib cage down to his waist and just caressing his back pocket before turning away, making *sure* the newcomer saw. Will's eyes bulged and he jerked his head up to see… Brian Zeller walking in, oh great.

Zeller's bushy eyebrows curved upwards in a more elegant edition of his permanent bemused look. His eyes darted between Will and the newcomer, before dragging his eyes to Jimmy with an exaggerated, questioning lift of the eyebrows.

"I'm not your assistant," Zeller sighed, "I'm your co-worker." He handed off the instrument that looked something like if a phaser from Star Trek had been designed in the Victorian era.

"Well, you are my assistant for this experiment," Jimmy hummed, taking the new equipment eagerly, "now, kids, this is a thermal evaporator, or the active part of it at least. Most fingerprinting techniques, as you know, often rely on a chemical reaction with the amino acids and fats left with skin cells. And while a highly effective method in most cases, it is messy…"

"Is there any particular reason you're trying to expose us and ruin my career?" Will hissed while Jimmy droned on about his new gadget.

Hannibal just smiled, Will didn't give him the benefit of looking up to check. He knew it.

"Will, I'm beginning to feel you're ashamed of me. Do you not want your coworkers to know we're happily married and very much in love?" Hannibal murmured as Jimmy plugged his magical gizmo. Will flinched, seeing Zeller turn his head toward them curiously.

Will looked down, making an excuse of checking his watch and shoelaces, "Whatever you're doing, you only get to do it *once*," he spat under his breath, straightening up again.

Hannibal had to rub his mouth in feigned interest at Jimmy's contraption to hide his wide grin, "Then I'll make it a very worthwhile once."

Will swallowed, looking away. This was not going to be good.

Jimmy presented his vacuum metal deposition the way a cheap magician presented a disappearing trick, the enthusiasm and reaction were near identical. Nonetheless, a contraption that could detect one molecule of skin cells on any surface was astonishing, though in Will's opinion, little use to his investigating. The class seemed appeased with the demonstration though and filed out with mild chattering and limited grunting. Will hoped Jimmy would take that as a success.

"Professor Graham," Jimmy called out as his crowd dispersed. Will cringed, reluctantly stepping towards his work associates.

Jimmy leaned forward eagerly when Will was close enough to be pressed, "So who's this new guest that made you late?"

"He was late?" Zeller interjected curiously.

"Dr. Hannibal Lecter," Will answered quickly, overriding Brian, "he's a… guest observer. And a psychiatrist."

Jimmy's eyes widened, "A psychiatrist? Ohhh… bet you're not too happy about that then."

"I dunno, I think our old Will has found one he likes," Zeller's smirk twisted his face unflatteringly. Hannibal's smirk could be unbearable, but in comparison, Will would take twenty of those to one of these. The look on Brian's face reminded him of nothing so much as a waiting punching bag.

"Whatever do you mean?" Jimmy frowned up at Zeller, blinking excessively for effect.

Zeller's face cracked as his smirk widened, a sliver of teeth showing, "They were looking pretty chummy from where I was standing." His voice threatened to cackle.

Will fidgeted, trying not to look flushed, "He's also an… old friend."

Zeller just snorted, disregarding Will's feeble excuse, "Oh, in that case, I suppose I imagined his hand on your ass as I walked in, or… no, wait. Sorry, *you're* the one who imagines shit that actually happened, not me, sorry. Guess it had to have been real then."

"Who's imagining a hand on whose ass now?" a third voice came in through the doorway, interrupting Jimmy's giggles.

Will turned to see Beverly Katz walking in, apparently just from finishing an examination as she threw her gloves off. He squirmed on the spot, flustered and just wishing he could get out of this. And *where the hell* had Hannibal gotten to?! He should be taking this punishment with him, or roping him out of it.

"Brian just saw some new guy, tall, dark, and handsome, feeling up Graham," Jimmy preened, bringing Bev up to speed on the latest gossip.

“I miss all the fun,” Bev sighed, then noticed Will attempting to melt into the tiled floor, “so, wait, someone’s finally gotten a piece of Will? Nice! Been waiting for that since I got here… no offense, Will.”

Will shrugged helplessly and just nodded. Didn’t seem like there were any other reactions applicable for this situation.

“Not the guy standing outside, though?” Bev continued, cocking her head.

Will’s head shot up, “What guy?”

“Tall, dark, and handsome did you say? Well, he was quite a looker, I think,” Bev nodded, “He’s right outside, by the men’s room. And if that’s your date, good on *you* Will, *wow*.”

“Thank you,” Will snapped, rushing for the door, “No. I mean, not about… he’s not my… we’re not dating!” He ran outside before the laughter could reach hysterics.

Hannibal was not immediately obvious. Not that that deterred Will, he strode straight for the men’s room, wrenching the door open. Hannibal, sure enough, lay in wait inside, back to him, in the process of removing his jacket.

“What the *hell* was that?!” Will objected, letting the door swing shut with a hard thump behind him, “You insinuate us and then just disappear to let me field the accusations! Forget it, whatever you want, I’m not interested and I’m not doing it.”

Hannibal turned back to him, blinking innocently, Will’s shirt now fully revealed so Will could see the cuffs riding up past his wrists, his shoulders straining at the seams, even the little gaps of chest hair between the buttons. “I’m very sorry Will, but it was urgent,” he frowned, laying his jacket aside on the sink, neatly folded.

Will would have to classify the noise he made as a chuckle, though it barely qualified, “And I’m supposed to believe that?” His teeth clacked together under his false smile, viciously amused at this farce.

Hannibal looked up at him, edging a little closer, but not daring to come too near yet. He smiled coyly, eyes hooded, “You mistake my meaning. Not urgent for me to be here, but for you.”

Will cocked his head, long past caution and desperate to finally hear the reason behind all this; he took the bait, “Is that so? Why?”

Hannibal looked away, drumming his fingers idly on the sink, “I thought privacy might be preferred for this.”

“*Hannibal*,” Will took a dangerous step forward, unamused by the deflection.

Will watched a shiver pass over Hannibal, watched his eyes almost close at the sound of his name, given in threat and anger. It disturbed Will to notice that knowing he had this effect on Hannibal pleased him clearly as much as it did Hannibal himself.

Hannibal spoke, “Because if you do not fuck me, here and now, I will step outside, walk straight up to your coworkers, who are no doubt gossiping about us at this very moment, and greet them as your blushing, mail-order bride.” Hannibal looked him dead in the eye, the bathroom suddenly still and silent.

Will had turned white as bone and faltered a step back. “You… can’t be serious…” He gripped the sink, hard, shock disorienting him.

Hannibal inclined his head, lips spreading, “Deathly.”

Will swallowed, “Can’t we… do this at home? We-”

“Clearly not,” Hannibal snapped, a twinge of frustration breaking through, “You resist, no matter how often I ask. Despite all my entreaties and advances, you deny me. I was promised ‘pleasure beyond known human capacity.’ Evidently, this is how I am going to get it.”

Will gulped, hearing his own words thrown back at him as Hannibal looked at him pointedly.

Hannibal cocked his head, taking a full step toward him, “I want you to fuck me, Will. That is why I am here.”

Will glanced up and noticed an odd light in Hannibal’s eyes, a sparkle. Upset and frustrated as he clearly was, he was amused too: amused to be here, amused to be forced to these lengths. There was… admiration and sympathy and a challenge in those eyes. The contradictions overwhelmed Will, but, devastatingly, looking up at Hannibal he could feel his heart beating faster and he knew he was falling in love. And he hated it.

“I… I can’t,” he protested, “In the men’s bathroom, in Quantico, I can’t-”

“Shall I go tell your acquaintances of the happy nuptials then?” Hannibal shifted towards the door.

“No, I mean, I *literally* can’t!” Will begged, finding his voice again, “There’s no lube, no condoms.”

Hannibal’s lips curled, pleased, “Did you think I would be so thoughtless? Or did you perhaps hope I was?”

Will’s shoulders sank a little; it had been a sincere protest, but it was also his last excuse flying out the window.

Hannibal smirked, leaning his head back and regarding Will’s defeat fondly. His tongue pressed against his lips for a moment, then he beckoned, “Come here, Will.”

Will blinked, hesitating.

Hannibal shook his head, “There’s no trap, I will do nothing until after you come here and see what I have to show you. Please.”

Will stepped forward, but Hannibal continued to beckon him nearer. Will stepped until he and Hannibal shared breaths, Hannibal's smile growing with every inch closer.

"I don't-" Will grunted.

"Shhh, put your arms around me," Hannibal instructed.

Will's eyebrows gave up his disbelief, but he did as he was told, sliding his arms slowly around Hannibal, scarcely touching him.

Hannibal pressed into his embrace, forcing touch, bumping their belts together with an unrepentant purr. "Around my waist, Will," Hannibal sighed, lifting his arms up so he had more room, and settling them on Will's shoulders. Will gulped and could feel Hannibal's eyes on the bob of his throat, unsettlingly reminded of the feel of his lips and tongue on that sensitive… don't think about that Will, don't think about it.

He obediently tightened his arms around Hannibal's waist, a hand ghosting over the crest of his ass out of habit. Hannibal nodded fervently, arching slightly, "There, yes."

Will's eyes widened, watching Hannibal's face as he quickly tried to put the pieces together. Unsure, he slowly let his hands squeeze Hannibal's cheeks and roll them together. Hannibal gasped, jerking, eyes slamming closed. Will immediately let go, stepping back, "You're wearing a…" Will's mouth fell open, staring blankly at Hannibal's hips. He'd been wearing an anal plug *all this time*.

Hannibal wheezed, laughing, his breath puffing over Will's skin, eyes still closed. "I wanted to make this decision as smooth as possible," he squinted his eyes open, "amongst other things." Will rolled his eyes reflexively, but he couldn't blame Hannibal for the innuendo.

"I wanted as few impediments to my wish as possible," Hannibal sighed, leaning closer, not letting Will escape the feeling of him, the presence of him. Not that Hannibal need try, Will could feel his effect across a room. Hell, he'd stopped short in the middle of lecture just because Hannibal had turned up. Hannibal was a buffeting force on him, pressing him, shaping him, and, sad to say, Will didn't find it entirely unpleasant.

"Now that you are in possession of all the facts, now that you know the lengths I've gone to for this," Hannibal hummed, sounding less annoyed by the effort than satisfied this conquest was so worthy, "what will you decide?"

Will gulped and took another step back, shrugging away and turning his back to Hannibal so he could think. Hannibal was making it very hard to stay true to his principles and they both knew it. That was part of the whole point; Will knew Hannibal wouldn't be trying so hard if he hadn't made it so hard. Hannibal liked this game and Will would gain nothing by defying him now. Hannibal would only try again, devise a more overwhelming gun to aim at him, and he wouldn't stop firing until Will fell. A traitorous part of him relished the thought; it made his heart squeeze. He liked this game too and Hannibal knew it.

So with nothing to gain out of professional suicide and everything to lose… what choice had he?

Will reached out slowly and turned the lock on the bathroom door with a soft click, the bolt of fate sliding home.

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